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THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION—The Week-end Review. *Incorporating The New Statesman, The Nation and Athenaeum, Week-end Review.*

WHATEVER views may be held in Germany of Hitler's latest exploit, it has found no approval abroad. It is generally felt that to murder your comrades in arms is a different thing from murdering your enemies, even when unarmed. Hitler has indeed had a universally bad press—even in Tokio, where they are not over-squeamish. The Russians, who always have a realistic eye on their ideals, see a sapping of the Nazi power which will prepare the way for the Communist revolution. English and American opinion, with its humanitarian traditions, is pretty well summed up in the *Times* leader of Tuesday, which recalls the bloody tale of *Richard III* and denounces the reversion of a supposedly civilised Government in the twentieth century to methods of mediaevalism. It is not surprising that this chorus of disgust should have roused anger, and even consternation, in Berlin, for the Nazis are singularly obtuse to the reactions of their behaviour on other people. What the repercussions on international affairs will be is not yet clear, but Hitler is not in a position to be anything but conciliatory, and we may expect the agreement with Britain on debts to be followed by some temporary easing of international tension.

Dr. Schacht Climbs Down

Germany has given way and agreed for the next six months to pay the interest on the Dawes and Young loans; and in return the British Government has called off its threat to institute a special Clearing House to collect the money out of the payments due for German exports. Other British creditors now come under the arrangements proposed by Dr. Schacht in the recent negotiations, with the proviso that any special concessions made to creditors in other countries should be open to British creditors on equivalent terms. The threat of an Anglo-German economic war, to be waged by measures and counter-measures of discrimination and boycott, is thus averted for the time being; but the agreement runs only for six months and the exceptional powers taken by both Governments remain in reserve and may yet be invoked on a future occasion. Further, in both cases, these powers have been so devised that they can be used against any country with which an economic quarrel may arise. Undoubtedly the Germans were wise to climb down over the Dawes and Young loan, if they value at all their credit standing abroad. Why they ever attempted to refuse payment is a mystery; for in the course of the negotiations it was made plain enough to Dr. Schacht that a refusal would involve reprisals which Germany in her precarious economic situation would be quite unable to resist.

Labour and War

As a logical announcement of peace ideals, the statement issued by the special Conference of the Labour and Trade Union Executives on "Labour and War" is quite unexceptionable. If war is to be avoided, the world must some day adopt a collective peace system and set up an

international police authority. But the immediate issue on which last year's Labour Conference wanted guidance from its leaders is what action the movement is to take in any of the wars that are actually likely to take place. For Labour leaders to reply that in the event of a genuine League war they would have to support the Government, sounds, in the present state of affairs, slightly academic. The significant part of the statement (which closely follows the argument of the pamphlet published by us entitled *The Dying Peace*) is the assertion that an international ideal completely changes the individual's duty to the State. "Loyalty to the world community" overrides duty to any particular government or state in time of war. Those who wish Labour to have an effective attitude towards war may well insist on this passage which is, in a rather disguised form, a call to individuals and to organised groups in the Labour movement to resist by every means in their power any attempt once more to obtain their support for a renewal of the old system of alliances and the war which inevitably springs from such a system. The article we publish to-day on the project of a new Entente shows on which part of this statement of Labour policy the emphasis should really be.

The Traffic in Arms

As a prelude to rearmament two British Cabinet Ministers stated last week that the Disarmament Conference is dead and done with. But by refusing to license the export of "two ambulance aeroplanes for the Paraguayan Army" the British Government has at least recognised its obligation to conform to the proposed international embargo on arms to belligerent countries, and in so doing it rightly calls upon other countries to follow its example. We now await with interest the British response to the draft convention adopted by a Committee of the Disarmament Conference for the control of the whole arms traffic. It is based on the recent United States' proposals for a system of national licences for manufacture, import and export of arms, checked by an international authority and backed by full publicity. Is the British Government going to raise difficulties or to accept? Its misleading answer to the League questionnaire on private manufacture of arms, its opposition to the limitation of arms expenditure on technical grounds, already solved by a committee of the Conference, its obstruction of proposals for internationalising civil aviation and abolishing air forces, and, above all, the insistence of Cabinet Ministers on the immediate necessity of rearming at full speed, do not encourage any fervent optimism.

Spain v. Catalonia

The struggle between Catalonia and Spain still drags on, and it looks as if there will be no settlement before the Cortes rise for the summer vacation. The issue is complicated; but its central point is the constitutional right of the Catalan Parliament to pass a land cultivation measure conflicting in principle with the Agrarian Law which, according to the Spanish Government's constitution, covers the whole Republic. The Tribunal of Constitutional Guarantees, the final court of appeal, decided against the Catalans; but the Catalans insist on the legality of their action, and regard the attitude of Madrid as a deliberate attempt to destroy their recently won autonomy. So strong is the feeling in Catalonia that it has united all political parties, with the exception of the anarchists at one extreme and the Lliga Catalana, representing the interests of the reactionary landowners, at the other. The Left opposition in Spain supports the Catalan defiance; urging not merely that Catalonia is justified in its claims, but that it is, in Señor Azaña's phrase, "all that is left to the Republic in Spain." Separatist parties in other provinces are stimulated by the struggle, and hopes are expressed in some quarters that the eventual outcome will be a considerable extension of Home Rule—"a genuine federal system in the Peninsula." But there does not appear at present to be any solid foundation for such hopes.

President Roosevelt's Re-deal

Mr. Roosevelt did a great number of things before leaving for his holiday. He signed the Farm Mortgage Bill, which he had been expected to veto, and thus gave farmers virtually complete immunity from dispossession for debt over a period of years. The bankers are not pleased; but the farmers are, and that doubtless explains the President's action in respect of a Bill that is admittedly faulty in drafting. Next, Mr. Roosevelt disbanded Senator Wagner's Labour Board and set up in its place a new body with much wider powers, thus taking the entire handling of labour disputes out of the hands of the N.R.A., which is being gradually shorn of its functions. The new Board will have power to settle disputes, and also to draw up plans for securing the representation of the employees for purposes of collective bargaining, and to hold ballots designed to secure this. Finally, Mr. Roosevelt created a new co-ordinating authority to link together all the various parts of his recovery programme, and elevated Mr. Richberg, hitherto Gen. Johnson's underling at the N.R.A., into a supreme co-ordinator, with the aid of a committee of Cabinet Ministers and other leading administrators, over which he is to preside. This is Mr. Roosevelt's answer to those who have been saying that it is high time to wind up his emergency experiments and go back to business as usual. Undoubtedly he has trimmed his sails in face of big business hostility. The New Deal is to proceed more cautiously, and with more co-ordination of policies; but it is to proceed all the same.

Lord Snowden Enjoys Himself

How bitterly does Lord Snowden manage to enjoy himself! He seems happiest of all when in the congenially unfriendly atmosphere of the House of Lords he can say something about one of his old friends that is at once thoroughly nasty and undeniably true. He had his chance on Tuesday, over the clause in the Finance Bill which repeals the provision for the valuation of land with a view to its taxation. This clause was, of course, suspended by the National Government shortly after it came to office, in face of Lord Snowden's opposition; and ever since the Conservative back benchers have been pressing hard for complete repeal. In 1932, Mr. Baldwin resisted repeal in the House of Commons, and Lord Hailsham in the Lords. Lord Hailsham said he did so because repeal would impose on the Labour members of the Government "a public humiliation which it would be unreasonable to demand." Lord Snowden repeated that

phrase with gusto on Tuesday, adding that the Tories must have changed their minds, because " they had come to the conclusion that there was no humiliation to which he [the Prime Minister] would not submit if they would allow him still to be Prime Minister." Lord Sankey attempted to pour treacle on the waters, by assuring Lord Snowden that he and Mr. MacDonald were both bound to die before long, and he did so hope they would make friends again first. He seems unlikely to get his wish ; for Lord Snowden is not of a forgiving temper, whether he is right or wrong. This time, he is right, both in resisting the repeal as a breach of faith, and in holding that it constitutes a public humiliation of Mr. MacDonald.

A Subsidy to Shipping

At long last the Government has announced its shipping policy. For one year only, the owners of tramp shipping are to receive a present of two million pounds, to help them to compete on more even terms with subsidised foreign shipping. So far, there is little more than that to this long-expected pronouncement, except that there are two conditions attached to the subsidy. One is that the shipowners shall prevent it from being wasted through cut-throat competition among themselves. The other is that it shall be used in such a way as to divert business to British ships from subsidised foreign vessels, i.e., apparently, not from Empire shipping or unsubsidised foreign ships. Obviously a great deal depends on how these two conditions are to be applied—and it cannot be at all easy to apply them, as the past history of subsidies abundantly shows. In short, the shipowners will doubtless get their two millions, whether the conditions are effectively applied or not ; and an effort will be made to use the threat of further subsidies as a means of persuading the shipowners of other countries to come into some sort of international agreement to maintain freight rates, and the Governments of those countries to modify their policy of subsidising native shipping. This sounds like the repetition of an old farce ; subsidies are more easily put on than taken off, and it will be surprising indeed if in a year's time the shipowners, or Mr. Runciman, are prepared to let the present subsidy lapse. The result is more likely to be a general increase of subsidies.

The Housing Shortage

The Minister of Health and Mr. Shakespeare, the Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry, were in very self-gratulatory mood in the House of Commons on Tuesday. They enlarged on the rapid progress of slum clearance and on the " terrific rate " at which private enterprise was building new houses. But impressive as their facts and figures look, they give no satisfactory answer to the urgent question which has been put a thousand times and was put again by Mr. Greenwood and others in this debate—how many houses have been, and are being, built to let at rents within the means of the poorer working class tenants ? Mr. Shakespeare himself admitted that " private enterprise can never cater for the really poorly paid worker," but then drifted back to argument about the slum replacement houses and how they will help to solve the problem. Sir Hilton Young followed with his familiar tirade on the wastefulness of the old policy of subsidies. Yet there is a clear necessity for subsidies for the kind of houses that are needed, and needed on a large scale. Sir Hilton talks of a " directed and controlled use of subsidies " and professes that that is the policy which the Government are now pursuing. But where are the houses ?

A New Plan for Cotton

Though each of the dozen or more recently published plans for the reorganisation of the cotton industry has received some support inside the industry, the opposition has always been enough to spoil any chance of its adoption. The latest scheme, just issued by P.E.P., comes opportunely at a time when there is reported to be a serious hitch in the negotiations for a new wage agreement, to be made compulsory on all manufacturers under the terms of the recent Act of Parliament. The scheme is based on the improbable assumption that the industry can be straightened out under private ownership. Given this assumption, it is a workmanlike synthesis of the essential measures for preventing the continued decline of what is still Great Britain's largest export industry. Theoretically this is the sort of plan that " enlightened capitalism " should adopt—large scale spinning amalgamations, a properly equipped marketing corporation for overseas sales, thorough re-equipment of the industry in order to increase the proportion of high-grade products at lower costs. Presumably capitalism will take no notice of it.

More Sedition

The acquittal of Harry Pollitt and Tom Mann followed naturally upon the cross-examination of the police witnesses. We quote from a press report :

> Police Sergeant Cole said that Mann's speech was very seditious . . . Mr. Pritt : What is your idea of sedition—something you do not approve of ?—Yes, sir. (Laughter.) Constable Reginald Fudge said that if he listened to a speech for 10 minutes and took long-hand notes he could reproduce the speech word for word.

A test, however, proved that the constable was unable to make good this remarkable claim and, in summing up, Mr. Justice Talbot made some striking comments on the absurdity of the words attributed to Tom Mann, and referred to the " possibility of the policeman's notes being ' cooked ' " saying that the jury must consider " whether the officer could be acquitted of some endeavour to ' adjust ' the notes and make them better than they really were." He also pointed out that the law of this country permits the expression of any political view as long as it is not " directed to an illegal act." Obviously this charge ought never to have been brought. Mr. Justice Talbot's remarks are a warning to authorities whose notion of sedition resembles that of Constable Fudge—anything of which they do not approve.

AN EDUCATION SUPPLEMENT

Next week's NEW STATESMAN AND NATION will include a special " Education and Citizenship " supplement. It will mainly consist of an examination by experienced educationists of modern methods of teaching " Citizenship " in the schools through the media of history, geography and other subjects. A special article on the general problem raised will be contributed by Sir Ernest Simon, and Commander King-Hall will write on Broadcasting and Education.

All MSS. and letters should be addressed to the Editor, at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1. The postage on this issue is : Inland, 1d. ; Foreign, 1½d. ; Canada, 1d.

HITLER'S "PURGE"

HITLER'S " purge," as Nazi propaganda calls it, is officially stated to have been greeted in Germany with " unprecedented enthusiasm." That must be regarded as—to put it mildly—a rhetorical exaggeration. The great majority of Germans had, and still have, but a hazy notion of the massacre of last week-end and of what lay behind it. Their own press is rigorously censored, and foreign papers, which are more informative, have been at a premium—it is reported, indeed, as we write, that their sale has been completely barred in Munich and perhaps elsewhere. From all accounts, it would seem that the prevalent feeling is a compound of excitement and indifference—for Germany is pretty well inured by now to gangster methods. " So they've started putting each other against the wall now, have they ? " was one street comment in Berlin. The tale of the shootings—which by a Cabinet decree on Tuesday was legalised into " executions "—is horrible enough, and the list of the victims is not yet complete. It ranges from the Radical Storm Troop chiefs, Röhm, Ernst and Heines—base fellows whom few will regret—to Dr. Klausener, the Catholic Action leader, Bose, the personal secretary of Herr von Papen, and the ex-Chancellor General von Schleicher and his wife. There are believed to be forty-six in this list of persons who were killed by revolver shots or by the rifles of firing squads or who, so it is alleged, chose to commit suicide. And there are a hundred or two others awaiting trial by court martial for their part in the " plot."

Was there a plot ? There is singularly little evidence to support the allegations made by the triumvirate—Hitler and Göring and Goebbels—and apparently confirmed by the congratulatory messages from the aged President von Hindenburg in his country home. There is no evidence at all that we can discover of any conspiracy between Röhm and General von Schleicher. On the other hand, there was notorious and grave disaffection in the Storm Troops. It was no secret that the S.A. were to be reconstructed at the expiration of their compulsory furlough a month hence. It was believed by many of his lieutenants that the Führer himself had done a deal with France last April, in which he undertook to liquidate the S.A. in return for concessions on the French part. And these lieutenants had risen to power in, and depended for its enjoyment upon, the continuance of the S.A. We are informed, from a usually reliable source, that Röhm had not matured any plot, but had prepared a speech bidding the S.A. to trust him and not to fear extinction, and that his friend, Dr. Goebbels, double-crossed him and persuaded Hitler to nip disaffection in the bud. From the dictator's point of view, it may have been good tactics to nip it swiftly and ruthlessly. In a revolutionary situation to shoot may pay better than to imprison, especially if you can justify the shooting as a penalty for immorality as well as for treason. As for that, Hitler's purge of the wastrels and sodomites no doubt found favour among the mass of decent Germans. He would, however, have been on stronger ground if he had acted earlier ; he had known for years the true character of the scum who had helped him to power.

But what of the other victims of the coup ? It was obviously a convenient opportunity to kill a number of birds with one stone. Schleicher, though he was not in league with the Storm Troop malcontents, was no friend to the regime. He was, in fact, a dangerous enemy, and there is reason to believe, as is shown in an article from a correspondent in this issue, that he had at least discussed with citizens of a " foreign Power " a possible reconstruction of the regime. But Schleicher stood in a category by himself, so to speak ; he was not an associate of Papen and his group—he had indeed been betrayed and jockeyed out of his Chancellorship by Papen himself early in 1933. The destruction of the Papenites—Bose, Werner von Alvensleben, Klausener, and others whose names have not yet been published—was also inspired, we are told, by Goebbels. Papen's famous speech at Marburg, despite the attempt to smother it, was making its impression in Germany, and it not only annoyed, it alarmed, Goebbels. Here it seemed, was his chance to strike, and at his instigation the Papenites were included in the black-list. Papen himself it was not possible, or politic, to shoot out of hand, but he could be disposed of presently. He is in fact being disposed of ; his resignation of the Vice-Chancellorship was tendered at the Cabinet meeting on Tuesday, and though the opposition of President von Hindenburg has prevented its immediate acceptance nobody expects him to be comfortable in his office, or to retain it for long. He may count himself lucky if he keeps his freedom in a decent obscurity.

To all appearance, then, the gunmen's coup has succeeded. The dictatorship has consolidated its position. It has anticipated possible rebellion from the Left or the Right. It has purged itself of some of its nastier elements, though there seems little to choose between Göring and Goebbels on the one side and Röhm and Heines on the other. It has eased the way to any change of policy that it may think expedient. That it has done all this in a fashion that revolts the civilised world is no matter ; it can plead the maxim, " Salus reipublicae suprema lex," and though it can scarcely believe in its own heart in the enthusiasm of the German people, it can probably count for some time yet on their docility. But this is the surface view. There are facts and probabilities behind which may make us question whether Hitler or the Hitlerite triumvirate is as firm in the saddle as we are asked to suppose. In the first place, the horse it is now mounted on is plainly the Reichswehr, and the Reichswehr is a dark horse. This highly trained and disciplined army of a hundred thousand men, officered by aristocrats or the upper bourgeois, has kept itself carefully " out of politics." But it was never very far in the background ; it has been a source of anxiety to German Governments in the past and a decisive factor in the fall of more than one. There has been from the outset a real, if subdued, antagonism between the Nazi movement and the Reichswehr, and it was the ambition of some of the Nazi leaders, and Röhm in particular, to end this by the absorption of the S.A.s in the Reichswehr. To that the soldiers were averse—professedly on technical grounds, though they had another reason too ; they knew perfectly well that the object of pouring in such a flood of water into their wine was to Nazify the Reichswehr. Now with the S.A.s in dissolution, the regime must evidently stand or fall by the Reichswehr ; for the S.S. bands—the picked men in black—though they may be useful for jobs of dirty work like that of last Saturday, are not an army,

either actual or potential. What, then, will be the relations of Hitler with the Reichswehr, whose chiefs, even if they tolerate him, have no deep love for him and his ideas? He was assured of their benevolence before he embarked on his coup, and he has had bouquets handed by them since. But it remains to be seen whether he is to be the master or the servant of the Reichswehr and the interests, whether military or civil, which it represents.

In the second place, the death of a few malignants, real or supposed, does not solve Hitler's most urgent problems. It may for the moment have cowed some of the discontented, but the discontent will continue, and is likely to increase, inside the Nazi ranks as well as in the country at large. It is fed by economic and political grievances alike, and there is no present sign of Germany improving, either economically or politically. It is possible, of course—it is indeed the hope and belief of very many, in Germany and outside—that the butchery of last week-end was the prelude to a new policy. The sinister Hitler that we have known may attempt to transform himself into a respectable despot; we predicted such a process in these columns a week or two ago, though we did not expect it to be begun with a blood bath. There are obvious reasons for a modification of Nazi policy. National Socialism *pur sang* has not delivered the goods; it has alienated vast sections of the public by its persecution of the Churches; it has overplayed its hand in its Jew baiting; it has irritated, if it has not seriously damaged, capitalists and industrialists; it has split its own ranks. Nor has the Government merely lost prestige; it is desperately in need of money, and one of Hitler's most pressing aims, we are told, is to get it from abroad. Whether he will get it very easily, from this country or any other, is decidedly open to doubt; but his straits may drive him to attempt it, and the attempt will certainly necessitate a drastic alteration in his ways. But can he alter his ways, can he relax the tyranny, can he jettison the anti-Semitic, the pagan, and the pseudo-socialistic planks of the Nazi platform while retaining the services of Dr. Goebbels, who stands even more than his colleagues for extremist courses? Or is he preparing at the appropriate moment to send Goebbels also to limbo? Or is Goebbels, like Göring, a complete cynic ready to jump with any cat? These are questions that time will answer. But triumvirates have seldom lasted long in history, and this one looks precarious. One prophecy at least we can venture to make—the Führer will now have Oberführers to direct his steps, for good or ill, and after destroying the private army which brought him to office he will be forced to fight more bitterly still to retain any reality of power.

A NEW ENTENTE

FOLLOWING the interchange of hospitalities between the general staffs of France and England, it is announced that M. Barthou is to visit London to discuss with Sir John Simon (his "almost friend" of a few weeks ago) "questions of mutual interest to France and this country." General Weygand with his staff visited England during Ascot week and was joined by General Giliaux, the Belgian Air-chief, and his visit, like the arrival in Paris last week-end of Sir Archibald Montgomery-Massingberd, chief of the Imperial staff, with forty staff officers, has been officially described as "purely private." The ostensible object was "to tour the battle-fields" (past or future?). These private purposes, according to Paris statements reported in the *Daily Herald*, included discussions of

> the possibility of preparing, behind the "Maginot line," extra air bases and aerodromes which would be allotted for the eventual use of the Air Force of the "B.E.F."

As if to add credence to this somewhat startling report of strategical "arrangements" with France, Lord Hailsham, the Secretary of State for War, and Mr. Duff Cooper, late Financial Secretary to the War Office, chose the same week-end to visit Paris. Similarly, though the reports of the journalists who followed General Weygand's movements in the neighbourhood of Aldershot and elsewhere, have not been published, the public is not so utterly gullible as not to understand the significance of his visit. Finally, the *Daily Telegraph* has done something to fill in the story by an article which has since been quoted with approval in *Le Temps*, the acknowledged organ of the *Comité des Forges*.

The well-informed special correspondent of the *Daily Telegraph* began by stating that "the present weakness of British forces constitutes a temptation to a breach of the peace." He then referred to Lord Hailsham's speech at Torquay on June 15th as clear evidence of the War Office view that, in order to "defend this country against *air* attack, it would be necessary to send an expeditionary force to the Continent for the defence of Holland and Belgium"; and he proceeded to formulate the alternatives open to this country. These alternatives were (*a*) either to leave the defence of the Low Countries to France and to concentrate upon aggressive aerial bombing from bases behind the French "Maginot Line," or (*b*) to increase the expenditure on the British Army by about £15,000,000 for the purpose of equipping a new mechanised expeditionary force for the defence of Holland and Belgium. By the latter means—designed, of course, to meet the problem of the restricted flying range of heavy bombing machines—it would be possible not only to prevent the establishment of hostile air bases on the North Sea coast but also to ensure the creation of our own bases on the Continent for the aerial bombing of the "enemy."

This disconcerting article was followed a few days later by the inaugural meeting of the Hands Off Britain Air Defence League at the Kingsway Hall, where Commander Locker-Lampson, after observing that he spoke on behalf of a non-aggressive country with liberty-loving traditions and peaceful ideals, called for the immediate issue of a Security Loan to meet the "stupendous capital commitments" involved in the purchase and equipment of land for aerodromes and factory sites. He also demanded the immediate formation of a Ministry of Defence to enable the three Services "to square-up to a common enemy," and the creation of a new winged arm of long-range bombers "which would make the voice of England paramount again."

It might, perhaps, seem ordinary good sense to dismiss both utterances as of little practical significance, were it not for the striking resemblance these proposals bear to a thesis on air defence published in April by the French General Armengaud. In an elaborate essay General Armengaud, the leading French authority on aerial warfare, whose views in the past have found high favour in the press of the *Comité des Forges*, argues that the chief cause of insecurity at the present day is the lack of the means of aerial defence. In attempting to formulate the main principles of aerial defence for a non-aggressive nation, the General discovers three functions of the air arm: (*a*) in co-operation with the army, (*b*) in co-operation with the navy, and (*c*) independent aggressive bombing. In view of these diverse duties, unity of command over all three arms is the first essential for air defence. General Armengaud then points out that in future wars the function of the land army must be dictated by the desire to give the air arm the greatest efficiency over enemy territory, especially the industrial areas and the great centres of population; while the chief material need for air defence must be the preparation of adequate ground organisation and a constantly renewed and ample supply of machines of the highest quality.

By this path the General comes to the particular problems of air defence for this country. He demonstrates that, just as the inviolability of the Belgian plain was the basis of British pre-war strategy, British air security to-day requires above all the existence of a land army, British or allied, on the coasts of France, Belgium and Holland. Thus the first requisite for the defence of London from attack by the air is a defensive alliance with France, both countries guaranteeing the independence of Belgium. There would seem to be little doubt that the ingenious reasoning by which General Armengaud has linked French nervousness about their unfortified northern frontiers with British nervousness about the vulnerability of London to attack from the air has had its effect upon the British General Staff.

Certain conclusions seem unavoidable. If General Armengaud's thesis that the air defence of London involves the potential military occupation of the Low Countries is accepted, then Great Britain's much advertised policy of isolation and "no definite European commitments" becomes untenable on purely strategic grounds, and it is easy to understand how fear of Germany is once again leading to the kind of military understanding with France which was so strenuously denied in the pre-war world. Secondly, the consequence of any such comprehensive non-aggressive military agreement between Great Britain, France and Belgium would be to accentuate German fears of encirclement, particularly when it is remembered that while General Weygand was in London his chief of staff, General Debeney, was in Warsaw discussing the revision of the terms of the Franco-Polish military agreement. Thirdly, Great Britain's liabilities for defence are by no means limited to the Continent. Events in the Near East and in the Pacific give every indication, the world being what it is, of involving this country in greatly increased expenditure for defence during the next couple of years or so. The opportunity thus afforded by the present discussions to reach an understanding with France is obviously considered extremely valuable, notably in view of the approaching Naval Conference, where French support alone will be available for British views. Finally, perhaps most important of all, the British authorities have always objected to the renewal of the Franco-Russian entente. Soviet Russia is still in some high quarters regarded as a menace to India and a potential enemy.

France regards Great Britain as a far more desirable ally than Russia: if Great Britain's support is unequivocal, the Franco-Russian entente may yet be repudiated. To isolate Russia, to make friends with Japan and a military alliance with France and Belgium which would present an impregnable Western frontier to Germany and force her to look to the East for future expansion—such appear to be the objects which, for the moment at least, dominate British foreign policy.

SCHLEICHER'S POLITICAL DREAM

[*From a correspondent who has been in close personal touch with General von Schleicher.*]

THE last time I saw General von Schleicher was in March, 1933. He had just been jockeyed out of office and out of the big chance he undoubtedly had of bringing, for a time at least, order to Germany and peace to Europe. As we walked along the shores of the Wannsee on that bright, snappy spring morning, he told me just how it had come to pass.

"When, at the end of last year, President Hindenburg entrusted me with office, I knew I must above all things relegate Hitler to the obscurity to which he belonged and from which he had risen rung by rung up the ladder of inefficiency and cowardice of the Republican leaders.

"You know what my position was. I have stated it in public. I am not a capitalist; neither am I an anti-capitalist. But I realised that there was something foully rotten in our economic system, and in my heart of hearts I was—and still am—convinced that Socialism is coming in our time. My task was to see to it that when it does come, it should come as decorously as possible, and be as civilised a kind of Socialism as possible.

"I am a soldier and I believe in the army, but as a means of ensuring national security, not as a political instrument. You cannot govern with bayonets for more than a very short period. You cannot govern against the working classes; you cannot, in the long run, govern without them.

"My aim was to found the Social Reich, with a government based on the masses, for the benefit of the masses. Such a government must be strong, and above all things it must be honest. And it can only be strong in the measure that it is honest.

"Now we had one evil scandal in Germany; the so-called *Ost Hilfe* affair. Millions had been voted for the distressed peasantry of our Eastern Marches. These millions had flown into the pockets of greedy landlords. They used them to buy up new estates, and the peasants got none of the money. It was essential to stop this scandal, to punish the robbers and thus to give the masses a striking proof of the strength and honesty of the Government.

"I announced a stringent inquiry into the *Ost Hilfe* scandal. The evidence was overwhelming. I calculated that it would produce a landslide at the elections. As for Hitler, I was not afraid of him. The November polls had seen his vote fall by two millions. Honest elections in March under my programme would have taken away another three million votes from him. His was a game of bluff, and in my opinion he had lost. Then Herr von Papen took a hand in the game. Papen was one of my oldest friends. Though I was repeatedly warned against him, I thought I could rely on his personal loyalty to myself. He proved to be the kind of traitor beside whom Judas Iscariot is a saint!

"My collaborators, who trusted him not at all, had him watched, and it was thus that I—and thereafter the world—learned of Papen's secret interview with Hitler in Baron von Schroeder's villa early in January.

"I immediately sent for Papen. I did not beat about the bush. I put the following questions to him:

"'In the name of our old friendship I adjure you to be frank with me. What does this Hitler interview mean? What intrigue does it portend?'

"Papen took my hand and shook it, looked straight into my eyes and replied: 'Kurt, in the name of our old friendship and on my word of honour as an officer and as a man, I swear to you that I will never undertake nor sanction any move whatever against you or against a government of which you are the head.'

"I was fool enough to believe him. I went on with my preparations for the coming fight. I established cordial relations with the most influential trade union leaders; with the Christian Trade Unions, with Gregor Strasser and the Labour wing of the National Socialists, with Leipart and other leaders of the Social Democrat trade unions. And when I was ready I went to President Hindenburg and I said: 'Dissolve the Reichstag. I will answer for the consequences. There will be a working majority for law, order and honesty.' To my amazement the old President bluntly told me he would not dissolve parliament, but that he accepted my resignation—a resignation I had not offered nor indeed dreamed of offering. I remonstrated. Hindenburg snapped out a reference—which I could not understand at the time—to my having made a mess of the Reichswehr, and turned his back on me.

"The Junkers had taken alarm at my determination to expose the *Ost Hilfe* scandal. Papen, who had sold himself to Hitler, persuaded them that the only way to prevent that exposure was to make Hitler chancellor. They in their turn helped him to convince the old President. To drive their argument home they told him an infamous lie: that I had planned a *coup d'état* with the help of the Reichswehr.

"I found myself in the position of an army commander who has carefully laid his plans for an offensive, even fixed zero hour, and who, an hour before zero hour, has his guns

and ammunition taken from him by G.H.Q. There was only one thing for me to do: to go. There is only one thing for me to do now: to wait. The German people are too great to be utterly ruined by a hysterical barbarian such as Hitler. I have an unshakable faith in the German people."

There is surely little that can be usefully added to this *apologia pro vita mea*. Though Kurt von Schleicher was already then ravaged by a grave and insidious disease, he never despaired. Three days before his assassination I was talking in Paris with a man who had his especial confidence. This man told me that Schleicher firmly believed the time had now come for action. He outlined to me the situation and what he conceived to be the remedy: a short period of military rule and then the Social Reich just as he had painted it during that walk along the Wannsee. He sketched out Schleicher's programme in foreign affairs: a policy of peace—Germany's return to the League of Nations—her acceptance of the present frontiers in Europe subject to her right under Article 19 of the League Covenant to seek redress by peaceful means—a close understanding with England, France and Russia with the sole aim of preserving peace. These were not empty words. He had sought and found touch with influential French statesmen; his only request, and that had in principle been agreed to, was the return to Germany of some of her lost colonies. A small price indeed to pay for the certainty of peace.

I told this friend of Schleicher's: "But Hitler must be well aware of what is going on. Are you not afraid for Schleicher?"

"They will not dare touch him," was the reply.

But they did dare. He died a soldier's death resisting a capture which he well knew meant the kind of "suicide" with which recent German history has made us familiar. And beside him his wife, a fine woman, who had been at his side throughout, full of encouragement and sympathy. I am no German. I am no soldier. I do not share Kurt von Schleicher's political views. But I take off my hat to a gallant gentleman who died trying to save the peace of Europe.

A LONDON DIARY

A few weeks ago I commented on the case of four undergraduates who were arrested at Aldershot for distributing literature to the crowds at the Military Tattoo. Since then they have been convicted and bound over by the Aldershot magistrates. In the course of the case one of the accused suggested that the bylaws under which they were charged were *ultra vires*. A legal correspondent who has been into the matter with some care believes this to be the case. The only clause which could possibly warrant such an exercise of authority as the bylaws claim is Section 14 of Military Land Act of 1892. This section gave the Secretary of State for War powers to issue bylaws to regularise the use of War Department land for two purposes and for two purposes only. He is empowered to regulate the use of Military Lands "for the purpose for which they were appropriated," i.e., military training, and he is also given certain powers to prohibit entry on such lands, but only for the purpose of "securing the public from danger" arising from the military use of the land. With remarkable ingenuity the Secretary of State for War has escaped from this niggardly Parliamentary limitation of his powers. The preamble to the 1933 bylaws for Aldershot and District blandly omit any reference to the qualifying clause about "the danger to the public" and quote the Act in such a form that it appears as though absolute and unqualified authority existed to prohibit anyone coming on to the land at all. But even had such powers existed, they still would hardly justify the bylaw under which the pacifists were prosecuted. The bylaw reads as follows:

> No person shall enter or be upon War Department land for the purposes of depositing or distributing or causing to be deposited . . . any handbills or literature or other printed matter of any description.

The offence, it will be noticed, consists not in distributing handbills or leaflets but in having, so to speak, an attitude of mind favourable towards handbill distribution. Here we have again our old friend "an act preparatory to the commission of an offence."

* * *

The Royal Air Force Display at Hendon last Saturday was superb and appalling. The Tied Squadron aerobatics were more marvellous than ever, nine aeroplanes looping and changing formation while tied to one another by short cables—a manoeuvre requiring a precision in control which is almost superhuman. And then the beauty of the patterns of coloured smoke drawn on the sky by swooping "Bulldogs"—prodigious feather-boas which slowly disintegrated into the turquoise and rose shimmer of a Turner sunset. At the end of the Display we did not call upon the Lord to "Abide With Us," but I felt that if war came, my number, all our numbers, were up. For the final event, the bombing of "an enemy explosive 'magazine'" seemed designed to show the enormous advantage that offence has over defence in aerial warfare. If anti-aircraft guns and interceptors succeeded in bringing down 490 out of 500 invading machines, the ten who got through could drop two tons of bacteria on London. And who can believe that ten would not get through, whatever the strength of our defence? No doubt our attacks on enemy cities would be equally effective, but in the death-throes of anthrax, it would not console me to know that foreign civilians were similarly succumbing to bubonic plague. When at Hendon a squadron delivering a low-flying attack rushed roaring down just above our heads one felt as helpless as a fly caught on a fly-paper.

* * *

Lord Birkenhead once said that he had never known Northcliffe's *Daily Mail* consistent about anything except sweet-peas and "Standard bread." Lord Rothermere's changes are even more surprising. After carefully explaining to us that the *Daily Mail* was not anti-semitic in spite of its championship of Fascism, it offered on Tuesday last an article entitled "No Dictators." We were not informed whether Sir Oswald Mosley had been consulted. The occasion was the Pageant of Parliament in the Albert Hall, where "nerves tingled" at "the stirring lines of the poem specially written for the occasion by Mr. Kipling. . . ." The leaderette ended:

> The moral behind it all is that Britain, with her ordered system of Government which has developed with the centuries, needs and will have no dictator. Her people have learned to settle their differences by votes and by reason, not by violence and bloodshed.

* * *

Two new periodicals call for comment. The first is the *Farmers' Weekly*, owned, I am told, equally by Lords Beaverbrook and Rothermere. It is large, yellow, well-produced, and costs twopence. It has a lot of pictures including two of Mr. Walter Elliot, whom it praises in the highest terms. It tries to interest the farmer's wife as well as the farmer and may prove a serious rival to the established *Farmer and Stock-Breeder*. To do so it will obviously have to hold on for a long time, but that, I understand, Lord Beaverbrook at least is prepared to do. He is said to mind about it more than anything else in life. The other publication is very different. It is the *World*, a 1*s.* 6*d.* monthly, edited by Vernon Bartlett. It has an introduction by the editor, who makes no apology for his own bias but fairly claims that the articles are objectively chosen. It contains compressed versions of two articles from the NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, one from each of the following British papers, the *Spectator*, *Time and Tide*, *Everyman*, and *Scots Observer*. French, Spanish, Italian, American, Austrian, Chinese, Indian and German papers are also represented. There is also a quotation from H. R. Knickerbocker's new book *Will War Come in Europe?* (Lane, 5*s.*), which ends with this passage:

> Germany will make no *calculated* war this year. France will make no preventive war. There will be no *planned* war in Europe in 1934. An *unplanned* war could break out to-morrow, but Europe's fear of war makes it unlikely . . .

A cautious prophecy. But I think it's as far as any prophet can reasonably go.

Except in the columns of the *Friend* itself, I have seen no press reference to the remarkable statement on the "Social Order" recently issued by the Yearly Meeting of the Society of Friends. If it confined itself to general statements about the "inequalities of wealth" and "the destructiveness of economic rivalries," I should not be impressed. But it goes on to say that the "changes of a fundamental character necessary for the establishment of a righteous order would include the extension of public ownership or control over land and natural resources and over a widening area of finance and industry, aiming at the right relation between private and public interest." This is a surprisingly outspoken attitude for any religious body formally and officially to adopt as a body. But the Friends are always an unusual body, whose influence is altogether disproportionate to their comparatively small membership of 20,000. I gather there was almost no opposition to the younger Friends who advanced these resolutions and that if some of the older industrialists did not altogether agree, they at least kept silent. My correspondent estimates that some seventy-five per cent. of those present at the Yearly Meeting thoroughly endorsed this resolution.

* * *

A correspondent sends me a cutting from the *Sydney Bulletin* which asks "what possible justification" there can be for "the flood of drivel which the Sydney *Sun*, amongst other dailies, turned on the moment it was disclosed that Prince Henry was coming instead of his brother?"

Here is the drivel in question as quoted by the *Bulletin*:

> Essentially a man of action, yet gentle as a woman, the Prince is fund of pictures, music and flowers. He is passionately fond of dogs. . . . He has trained one to bring him a paper in the mornings. Like Foch and Joffre, he loves flowers; and, also like Joffre and Foch, he is a soldier.
>
> Other aspects of the Prince's character recall Chaucer's "very perfect gentle knight." He once saw an old lady struggling with a suitcase, and asked if he might carry it for her.

My own comment is that it is really too bad to make Royalty ridiculous in this way. They cannot answer back. They are Civil Servants and they deserve to be treated with sincerity and respect.

* * *

An Englishwoman who knows Russia well and who has just returned from Moscow confirms the rumours that the Soviet Union is in many small matters becoming "bourgeois." The decision to incorporate the "old culture" of Russia means, in architecture at least, a retrogressive movement towards "Victorianism" and nowadays you are shown with pride modern furniture, stuffily upholstered, with green and red plush table cloths to match. At the Opera the orchestra now wears evening dress (though not apparently made to measure!) and my friend was warned when starting out to the Opera on a hot night without stockings that this was simply "not done" in Moscow now.

* * *

A correspondent writes asking "if the following suggestion will be of any value to those families who, through lack of means, are having such terrible difficulty in getting enough to eat." The letter continues:

> I have found from experience that ordinary wheat boiled and eaten with brown moist sugar, and, if possible, milk, makes a very satisfying meal. It may sound somewhat uninteresting, but a little salt added while the wheat is boiling improves the flavour: and a pound of wheat, from any grain shop, at 2*d.* a pound goes a very long way. Certainly it needs some mastication, but that is all to the good, particularly for the children.

* * *

For "wholesale smuggling and conspiracy" two men were fined a sum amounting to £74,709 at Portsmouth on June 30th. The alternative to paying was six months' imprisonment. On the same day at Lymington an unemployed ex-soldier pleaded guilty to stealing a packet of cigarettes from a mackintosh in the school-room of a Baptist Church. He too was sentenced to six months' hard labour.

CRITIC

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of this column goes this week to Miss F. E. Isherwood.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10, Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

There are even among INDEPENDENT readers those who have continued to think that the erection of a score or a thousand council houses did, in fact, relieve the housing congestion. Our special number has done a great deal to remove this misapprehension and to help still more of our readers to comprehend the deep difficult truth, that in social movements the best way to get things done is generally to do nothing.—The *Independent*.

THE KING VISITS THE CITY.—Driving in semi-state, the carriages of the Royal procession left Buckingham Palace about half-past eleven . . . With the Pearl Sword, Sir Charles approached the King and Queen, lowered the point and surrendered it to the King.—*Evening Standard*, Lunch Edition, June 28th.

RAIN STOPS CEREMONY WHEN THE KING VISITS THE CITY.—The departure was delayed ten minutes in the hope that the rain would pass over in time, but as it showed no signs of doing so they decided to drive to the City by car . . . As the rain persisted the customary ceremony of presenting the Pearl Sword of the City to the King did not take place.—*Evening Standard*, later edition, same day.

An association has been formed "to keep the sport of big game hunting clean and wholesome."—*Evening Standard*.

The more we talk about peace, the more certain we shall be to drift into war. The better we prepare for war, the more assured we may be of maintaining peace. Let us be quite clear about what is wanted: (1) Double the Navy. (2) Treble the Army. (3) Quadruple the Air Force. (4) Every man trained to arms as the finish of his education. D. R. FOTHERINGHAM, The Vicarage, Charing, Kent. —Letter to the *Daily Mail*.

We all know—those of us who happen to possess Bibles and read them—the parable of the man who bought a field from another man with a pearl of great price in it.—Mr. Macquisten in the House of Commons, July 2.

Last Sunday morning the Rev. Harvey's subject was "Tests" and he began by announcing from the pulpit the scores in the Test match at Lords, and commented on the selection of the team, bemoaning the injuries to Wyatt and Allen, the non-appearance of Jardine, and the "acute attack of peevishness" from which Larwood was suffering. He went on to mention the coming contests at Wimbledon, and read a newspaper cutting on Steve Donoghue's victories at Ascot. "Why should it be a regular thing to bet on horses, and yet be considered bad form to bet on tennis?" he asked. As there were very few men among the fairly large congregation one wondered how far this first part of the sermon was being appreciated. Needless to say it served well to drive home the point that, while those who wish to succeed in physical and mental tests prepare to the last ounce, we who must all appear in the final "Test" often do not trouble to prepare ourselves.—*Lincolnshire Standard*.

Other points were the evidence of the oncoming of the two-seater fighter, and new types of fighters in the machine park. Outside the aerodrome were the usual demonstrations of pacifists and other propagandists. Inside was nothing but cheerfulness, goodwill, and good fellowship; in short, nothing for the fanatical pacifist to bite on. —*Observer*.

When ——, aged 30, of ——, was asked by Constable Howell to test the brake of his motor-cycle he said he did not know where it was. It was pointed out to him, and he said: "I did not know that was a brake."—*Star*.

Markets and Germany. On the whole the crop of shootings was regarded as rather a bull point.—*Manchester Guardian*, City Page.

There is something wrong with a society which drives an affectionate and devoted father mad and forces him to murder his children and kill himself. The nation needs poor children to work and fight for its existence.—James Douglas in the *Sunday Express*.

A LITTLE DOUBT ABOUT HUMAN NATURE

MANY compliments have been paid to human nature, and it has deserved them. What a piece of work is a man—the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals! How noble has been his progress from the chattering degradation of his apish ancestors! What heights he has reached even above the level of Adam! His intellectual progress has been particularly noticeable. Man has grown a brain since Eden. Nothing could be more marked than the lack of mental capacity of the first family. It was unable even to invent excuses. Adam and Eve, when confronted with an accusation, showed that they were intellectually on a level with children in the nursery. As for Cain, a modern man would be ashamed to put up so stammering a defence as he against a charge of murder. Using his intellect, a modern man, accused of the crime of Cain, could either prove that he had not committed the murder or justify his action. There is nothing easier, if Cain had only had the sense to see it, than to justify the liquidation or scuppering of a fellow human-being, or indeed of one's fellow human-beings *ad lib.* All that one has to do is to explain that the whole thing is a case of bloodshed to prevent bloodshed. This excuse has been held valid by many people in nearly all countries in modern times. That this is so, I think, must be taken as a tribute to the human intellect. Only good brainwork could have invented all these murders to prevent murder, murders to end murder, wars to prevent war, and wars to end war. The man who denies the reality of moral and intellectual progress must be as blind as a bat.

If I am sometimes impatient of human nature, it is not because I do not believe that it has progressed, but because it is so slow and so vacillating in coming to a decision as to whether all this scuppering or liquidation of our fellow-creatures is, on the whole, a desirable thing. The Jews of the Old Testament were great scupperers, but at the same time in their hour of prayer they repeated to themselves with the greatest sincerity in the world a sacred law which said: "Thou shalt not scupper." And, having finished their prayers, they went on scuppering. The civilised races that followed them behaved in much the same fashion. Among the Greeks and the Romans, scuppering was of two kinds—external scuppering, commonly called war, and internal scuppering, generally known as civil war or assassination. Harmodius and Aristogeiton were two brilliant scupperers, and Brutus will always be remembered for his beautiful wristwork in the same art. Everybody ever since has been saying what a terrible thing assassination is, and what glorious assassins Harmodius and Aristogeiton and Brutus were.

Modern European peoples, founding their religious opinions on those of the Jews and their more secular opinions on those of the Greeks and Romans, naturally took to scuppering as a duck takes to water. European history was for centuries a gala of scuppering. No one who likes scuppering can fail to derive pleasure from the story of the Inquisition, St. Bartholomew's Day, and the German wars of the time of Luther. Sentimentalists may be rather horrified by all this unnecessary bloodshed, but more practical-minded men may ask in reply what Shakespeare would have had to write about if there had been no scuppering. If Richard II had not been scuppered, nobody would have bothered to write a play about him. Richard III owes most of his interest to his reputation, just or unjust, as one of the arch-scupperers of history. Henry VIII became famous as a result of taking a more original line and scuppered queens. Even in his non-history plays, Shakespeare showed that he dearly loved a scupperer. The King scuppered Hamlet's father and tried to scupper Hamlet, and Hamlet scuppered Polonius and Rosencrantz and Guildenstern and longed to scupper the King, and in the end there was such a general scuppering as could never have taken place if anybody had paid the slightest attention to the Sixth Commandment. As for *Macbeth*, what is it but a long and fascinating conversazione of liquidation? Keep the Commandments if you will, but at least do so with your eyes open in the knowledge that, if everybody imitates you, there will be a sudden end to tragic poetry.

And, as you do so, be not too severe on the scupperers of the past. Some of them seem to have been tender-hearted fellows. Shakespeare, that great expert in human nature, again and again shows us a scupperer touched with gentle and laudable remorse as soon as the deed is over. Does not Exton, as soon as he has killed Richard II, gaze fondly at the dead body and magnanimously murmur:

> As full of valour as of royal blood!
> Both have I spill'd; O would the deed were good!

That, it must be admitted, is not the speech of a man incapable of the more generous emotions. Again, when Clarence is murdered in the Tower in *Richard III*, how sensitive—almost like a woman—the Second Murderer immediately becomes in his feelings about the deed that has been done! He cries from the simple innocence of his heart:

> A bloody deed, and desperately dispatch'd!
> How fain, like Pilate, would I wash my hands,
> Of this most grievous guilty murder done!

Those, surely, are Christian sentiments, highly creditable to the man who uttered them.

Even here, however, one becomes a little impatient of men who cannot make up their minds whether scuppering is right or wrong—who seem to approve and disapprove of it almost at the same time. That division of mind still seems to exist in Europe. England made up its mind in the eighteenth century that, if possible, nobody should be scuppered except foreigners, and party politics were invented for domestic use. Other countries followed, and it looked for a time as though the whole world were on its way into a Utopia of counting votes, with only an occasional international war to disturb the quietude. Then came such an international war as the world had never before known, and by the end of it you would have thought that nobody but a madman could ever again believe in killing people as a means of increasing the general happiness. War had ended war, and the world had been made safe for democracy.

Those who thought so, however, did not reckon with the hatred that a minority of determined men have for votes. To the man of dictatorial mind, a vote in opposition is both an insult and an injury, and the notion of being restrained by the opinions of his fellow men is too horrible to endure. Votes are barriers in the way of quick progress. They are fetters on the limbs of men of action. Free voting and free speech interfere with the free movement of the statesman who knows what he wants, and a more up-to-date method of getting things done must be invented in keeping with the age of the motor-car and the aeroplane. What method can the brain of man, the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals, devise to meet the new needs? This is where one cannot help smiling at the eternal comedy of human nature. The new method, so rapturously acclaimed as the great discovery of modern times, turns out to be simply the old method of scuppering. Off with his head, beat him over the brainpan, throw him into a dungeon, or ostracise him. The scaffold and the firing squad—these out-of-date things that the polling-booth was invented to put an end to—are trotted out as the very latest masterpieces from the laboratory of political science.

I confess I have not enough faith in human nature to want to see any body of men given *carte blanche* in the use of the beheading-block and the firing squad. They have a sensational interest while they are novelties—and the revival of any old thing becomes a novelty for a time—but in the end they become horribly boring. It was because the English had become bored with bloodshed that they decided that it must stop and that difficulties must be settled by voting-papers. It was also because they had a wise distrust of human nature. It has been said that to believe in democracy is an act of faith in the ordinary man. Even more, however, it is an act of

unfaith in the extraordinary man. Democracy is the nursery-governess of kings and statesmen, telling them they must behave themselves. It knows from the records of history that human nature can be trusted, but that it cannot be trusted very far. Cain was full of human nature and he became a nuisance. One of the great problems of modern civilisation is to keep a watchful eye on Cain, to point out to him that his methods are antiquated, and to persuade him, or to compel him, to recognise that he is living in the twentieth century, which should be an improvement upon, and not a retreat from, the centuries that went before it. Y. Y.

EFFICIENCY !

DEMOCRACY has proved, we're told,
A stale device and ineffective ;
Too cumbersome to be controlled,
In these brisk times, by those who hold
Efficiency their sole objective.

How pat, across this shrill debate
Falls Hitler's latest illustration
Of how, in truth, men ought to rate
That brave, authoritarian State
Proposed to us for imitation ;

Whose sturdier statecraft—based on might—
Needs no grey matter to revolve it,
Or ponder what is wise or right,
But, as each problem comes in sight,
Turns out a firing-squad to solve it !

MACFLECKNOE

APOLOGY

WITH respect to the review by Lord Olivier of Miss Nancy Cunard's *Negro Anthology*, published in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION of March 10th, 1934, we and the writer of the review are satisfied that the review was written and published under grievous misapprehension and that there was not the slightest justification for referring to Sir Fiennes Barrett-Lennard, late Chief Justice as Jamaica, as having judicially persecuted a certain native and further as having been guilty of scandalous irregularities and being a negrophobist magistrate.

We and Lord Olivier apologise for and deeply regret the publication and the pain it has caused Sir Fiennes Barrett-Lennard. We are publishing this apology in the *Gleaner* in Jamaica.

Correspondence

LABOUR AND ARCHITECTURE

SIR,—In view of the demolition of Waterloo Bridge I venture to offer the following points for consideration, not so much as begging your readers to think as offering that challenge to the Labour Party with which they conclude.

(1) We who fought to save the Bridge have been defeated, but our defeat has not altered the fundamental issue, which is *the replanning of South and Central London* conformably with the curve of the Thames, the historic features of London, and new transport conditions.

(2) We have been defeated because we fought on wrong lines. The last stages of the fight, as we too late discovered, should have been fought, not on the " protection of an ancient monument," nor even on " economy," but on " London planning."

(3) It is folly to destroy a bridge, no matter where, without first determining where the increased traffic of any new bridge is to disembogue.

(4) What, as the result of this folly is now endangered is (*a*) Somerset House, the British Museum, and the University of London. (*b*) The two cardinal points of London—the Cathedral to the East, and Westminster at the other point of the Thames—are both being rapidly submerged by tall buildings. Tall building, ill-regulated transport, and predatory Industrialism are integral. (*c*) The lower reaches of the Thames, against the industrialisation of which the Bridge served as a bulwark.

(5) It is spilt milk to say that the more economical scheme should have been adopted of letting the Bridge stand till the major questions had been thought out, and the right moment had arrived for pulling it down ; but it may be suggested to Mr. Morrison and his colleagues that in thus commemorating the centenary of William Morris by a piece of impulsive vandalism they have struck at English character and English history in a way that is likely to hit them back. The logic of all this, and the relationship of the Bridge to London planning, London history and " Labour Party philosophy " (your word, Sir !) was convincingly set forth by Lethaby, a follower of Morris and a loyal supporter of Labour, as far back as 1896. Have they ever taken the trouble to read what he said, or to bring it up to date ?

(6) Blame ? We are all to blame because we have lacked vision. The L.C.C. because it has had no consistent policy for London survey, London planning, London history ; we architects and engineers, because we have been too self-interested and regarded the question too much from the narrow professional angle—it is more than a mere fight between stone and steel ; the S.P.A.B., because in these days it is no longer possible to isolate a building, that should be preserved, from its environment and its service. Parliament doubtless was right in making of the question a free vote—but there are issues, like *war* or *town planning*, that cannot be settled by democratic methods.

(7) And that brings me to my challenge. Labour must get back to its aesthetic moorings. English Socialism—a " Dream of John Ball "—had English beauty. The L.C.C. in its beginnings had an ideal in the greatness of London. Its achievements were the " Aldwych improvement scheme," which centred round the saving of the Strand churches, the Central School of Arts and Crafts, and the new County Hall on the South side. A great record following a great tradition.

As we see it now the L.C.C. has slipped back into the sordid utilitarianism of the early Industrial age which created Hungerford Bridge, and carried the Southern Railway up against, and actually built a factory over, the high altar of Southwark Cathedral. Ruskin, Morris, Lethaby, and the rest of us were at war with that age. Rennie's Waterloo Bridge, Nash's London development from the Mall to the Botanical Gardens, Westminster and the Law Courts, stood for the great tradition inherited from Wren and the Middle Ages. That tradition, a living protest to Industrialism, was wisely guarded in the height regulation imposed by the earlier and most unintelligently surrendered by the later Council. But in those days, the days of Sir Lawrence Gomme and Dr. Longstaff, Socialists and Conservatives, as far as London aesthetics were concerned, worked together. There was a greater partnership still. Labour had the suffrage of the poets and the artists. Labour is lost, and the cause of greater London lost, unless that partnership is once again restored.

Godden Green, Nr. Sevenoaks, Kent. C. R. ASHBEE

ARCHITECTURAL CENSORSHIP

SIR,—We have hitherto deliberately refrained from entering into public discussion in connection with the recent arbitration, but the Chairman of the Ruislip/Northwood Urban District Council, in your issue of June 30th, makes observations which so depart from actuality that we should like to correct him.

He writes :

> The plans submitted were for a block of two houses (not a colony), and although, in order that all relevant facts might be considered, the Council endeavoured to ascertain whether these two were part of a larger scheme, no definite information was obtained, and no evidence was furnished as to the character of the layout which would be adopted if further houses of the same type were projected.

We enclose herewith a copy of the plea to the Council made by us, endeavouring to obtain, for our clients, reconsideration of the Council's first decision to disapprove the plans. It must be emphasised that this plea, which undeniably shows our clients' intentions as to future development, was presented to the Council after it had been ascertained that the Council's disapproval was based on the " amenities clause " of the local Town-planning Act. Also, it was presented voluntarily on our part, together with a water-colour perspective to help the Council in its deliberations. We were guided neither then nor at any later stage by a request for a further elucidation of the scheme. The perspective, for instance (quite a large one), might easily have shown proposed

adjoining development in relationship had the Council asked for some such portrayal.

Extracts from the plea, which refers to future development in no less than five different places, read as follows:

> Our clients chose the site for development because of its amenities with regard to general healthiness of the district, immediate open spaces, and the wooded areas. They hope to develop along carefully prepared lines over a large area, carrying out a scheme which has the approval of the owners of the land, the appropriate authorities of King's College, Cambridge. We understand that these authorities have been most considerate of the whole neighbourhood relative to their holdings of land.

Again:

> With regard to the reference in Clause 56 to "undue repetition," our plans for future development have given this matter careful consideration both in the placing of houses, their design and colour-scheme and, as development proceeds, we will, of course, submit our proposals to you.

As to the proposed site being "in the near neighbourhood of existing houses of conflicting type," the following are extracts from the plea:

> It would be a hardship for our clients to endeavour to develop land any more distant from railway stations, shopping areas, and other development. This site was chosen because it was carefully Town-planned. . . . You will appreciate that a considerable clump of oak and other trees lies immediately to the east of the last houses to be erected on Park Avenue and forms an effective break between the old and the proposed new work. Should our clients' development spread in that direction we will have due regard for immediate juxta-position of the new and existing.

As the Chairman's letter conveys an impression that the proposed houses were so near to existing houses as to be conflicting, it is interesting to note that public open spaces stretch at the front and rear of the site of the proposed development.

Our endeavours to give the Council every consideration are reflected in the final paragraph of the plea which reads:

> To supplement the drawings already deposited with you, we are forwarding with this a perspective drawing to give an idea of the houses as they will be finished and we shall be happy to attend in person or give you any further particulars you require.

We absolutely deny that we refused to consider any suggestions made to us by the chairman of the panel before that body reported to the Council. The only communication between ourselves and the panel was in a telephone conversation when the chairman made a suggestion in respect of a detail and we offered an alternative, the acceptance or non-acceptance of which was not conveyed to us. We would point out that the arbitrator, in his award, directed that the Council should have required alterations to the plans and that the plans should have been amended in accordance with those requirements.

So much, as the Chairman says, for the facts of the case. We agree with much that he says in his final paragraph but would like to point out that we cannot see that there was lack of an endeavour on our part to bring about co-operation between ourselves and his Council, and that we cannot hesitate to abide by the decision of the arbitrator. There is no alternative. CONNELL AND WARD

25 Grosvenor Place,
London, S.W.1.

CINEMA PROPAGANDA

SIR,—I attended a cinema performance last week in the West End, and was very disagreeably surprised to find that when the National Anthem was played at the end of the performance, on the screen were shown pictures of large warships firing big cannon. I object very strongly to this identification of the National Anthem with a display of crude force, and still more at being obliged to stand to attention at such a spectacle. In reply to my protest, the manager brought forward the excuse that it was shown in 250 cinemas controlled by a certain circuit. That, in my opinion, only magnifies the offence PEACELOVER

THE BLACK ARMY

SIR,—I think two of your correspondents, Messrs. Bernard Adler and Archibald Robertson, have had their "legs pulled" by "British Fascist." As I read his letter, it was a subtle (?) attempt to discredit the Fascist movement by enumerating a number of apparent contradictions, for which there is no justification in view of our widely declared policy. Sir Oswald Mosley does not claim to be either "Socialist," "Internationalist," or "Pacifist." This does not, of course, mean that he abhors co-operation between nations; nor does it mean that peace is anathema to him. The term "internationalist" has come nowadays to designate the flabby type of mind that puts every consideration before that of his own country. Similarly, the term "pacifist" now refers generally to the man who refuses to fight for his country, his beliefs, or anything else. Sir Oswald would never subscribe to such an avowal of weak-kneed surrender. "Socialist" can mean anything from Labour Party careerist to Utopian Communist. Sir Oswald is none of these.

I presume that "British Fascist" unwittingly pulled the austere editorial leg, as well as those of your correspondents. I offer my sincere apologies, however, if I underrate your astuteness.

British Union of Fascists, G. E. de BURGH WILMOT,
Fascist Headquarters: Press Propaganda Dept.
Kings Road, S.W.3.

SOCIALISTS AND ABORTION

SIR,—In your issue of June 30th, Critic says: "Where such subjects as abortion or even birth-control are concerned, Labour is sometimes as obscurantist as Conservatism itself." He may be interested to know that at their Annual Congress at Hartlepool in June, Co-operative women, with only twenty dissentients in a body of 1,360 delegates representing 74,000 women, passed the following resolution:

> In view of the persistently high death-rate and the evils arising from the illegal practice of abortion, this Congress calls upon the Government to revise the abortion laws of 1861 by bringing them into harmony with modern conditions and ideas, thereby making of abortion a legal operation that can be carried out under the same conditions as any other surgical operation.

Such progressive action shows that there is at least "a stirring of the waters" in the class from which Labour is largely drawn.

Crab Hill House, (MRS.) B. LORSIGNOL
Foxgrove Road, Beckenham.

BRITAIN'S CONTRIBUTION TOWARDS DISARMAMENT

SIR,—Members of the National Government assure us continually that every effort has been made by that government to assist towards a solution of the disarmament problem. The faults, so we are told, lie entirely with the "foreigner." May I quote from a speech by the Chancellor of the Exchequer delivered last Saturday at Brockworth Aerodrome? Mr. Chamberlain said that—

> since the war successive governments have allowed the defences of this country to get dangerously low. *They had done it deliberately because they felt that the danger of attack upon us from the air was less than the danger that we might go bankrupt* if we spent large sums of money upon defence at a time when our people were already overtaxed. But to-day our finances were getting easier.

How convenient it is when moral gestures and financial advantage take the same road! I feel certain that Mr. Neville Chamberlain is a supporter of the League of Nations Union, in which case perhaps his local branch might ask him some pertinent questions.

PHILIP MUMFORD

GRAHAM WALLAS MEMORIAL

SIR,—In November, 1932, you were kind enough to give us the hospitality of your columns and to publish a letter appealing for funds to establish some form of commemoration of the name of the late Professor Graham Wallas.

We now write to say that the University of London has accepted the trusteeship of the funds thus raised and has founded a Graham Wallas Memorial Scholarship which will be of the annual value of about £28. It will be open to any undergraduate student of the University who, having passed the Intermediate examination, has elected to study the subjects of Political Science, Psychology or Sociology as part of his work for the degree of B.A. or B.Sc. or B.Sc. (Econ.).

We have sent privately a notice to this effect to all who gave donations to this fund, but we should be grateful if you would give this letter publicity and so draw the attention of the wider public to the worthy memorial which has thus been established.

A. L. BOWLEY	HERBERT SAMUEL
E. DELLER	JOSIAH STAMP
J. SCOTT LIDGETT	A. STEEL-MAITLAND
PASSFIELD	H. G. WELLS

Miscellany

A MIDLAND PORTRAIT

TWENTY years ago a fat, solemn gentleman with a half-bald head and very light almost straw-coloured hair and eyelashes, and a face that reminded one generally of a mangel-wurzel, used to come at fairly frequent intervals to visit my grandfather, often as much as twice a week, and nearly always on Sundays. His name was Quintus.

It was in winter that he came to see us most. In summer, as I shall explain directly, he was otherwise and more charmingly engaged. Although he was a very large man, weighing anything from fourteen to sixteen stone or from ten to twelve score if weighed as they weigh pigs, he had very short legs, which sagged spongily up and down with a regular motion in his wide trousers as he walked, as though he were doing a heavy dance to the tune played by his large brown boots, which let out prolonged dry squeaks at every step he took.

My grandmother at that time was a sufferer from asthma, a devilish complaint which often sent her to bed very early on winter evenings, so that when Quintus arrived my grandfather and I would nearly always be alone downstairs, playing a game of dominoes and roasting potatoes under the fire and eating the hot potatoes as we played. Coming up the garden-path with the slow sedateness of a man squeaking down a church-aisle, he would knock heavily on the door, open it a crack and call "Anybody about?" and then come in, sitting on the chair nearest the door as though he were an unbidden guest. He would then take a large red and white-spotted handkerchief from his behind-pocket, remove his bowler hat and proceed to wipe the sweat from his vast mangel-wurzel face, breathing in short spasmodic gasps as he did so.

Finally when he was at rest he would replace the handkerchief in his behind-pocket, lean back in his chair, gaze at my grandfather with a kind of melancholy expectation, and say in a profound bass:

"Well, boss, how is she?"

He had a perpetual habit of referring to my grandfather as boss, though they had been friends since boyhood. My grandfather would reply:

"She's easier, Quint, she's easier."

"Ah?"

"A lot easier."

"Ah? She worrit me, boss, she worrit me."

"She worrit me. But she's a lot easier."

"Last Sunday," Quintus would say, "I couldn't forgit her. I couldn't git her out o' me mind. Does she eat anything?"

"Eats like a thatcher."

"Ah! That's better beer. That's more like it."

They would be words of wonder and relief, delivered with extreme earnestness, and there would be a long silence between the two men, a silence as though of blessed thankfulness.

It took me, a small boy, a very long time to realise that this conversation and the portentous silence which followed it did not concern my grandmother and her almost perpetual sufferings from asthma. It did not occur to me until the conversation became less secretive that it concerned not her and her sufferings but my grandfather's prize sow and her pregnancy.

"When?" Quintus would say, "dy'e count she'll come due?"

"I count about next Thursday."

"By God, she's a good gal!" Quintus would burst out suddenly, "God A'mighty, she's a good gal!"

That sow was, in fact, for Quintus and my grandfather, the wonder of all the world. I do not know, now, how many times she conceived and brought forth, but it was an astounding number. But what was most astonishing was not the number of her conceptions but the number of pigs in each of her litters. She had begun by modestly bringing forth ten or twelve and then gradually, with maturity and practice, had delivered fourteen or fifteen, and then sixteen, twice, and then seventeen, twice, and then eighteen, and then to the colossal jubilation of Quintus and my grandfather there came a time when she delivered nineteen.

Finally there was a period of almost drunken speculation when my grandfather and Quintus hoped that, by the grace of God, she would deliver twenty. They spoke of her for many weeks with an almost ecstatic tenderness, leaning over her sty-rails to scratch her scaled back, affectionately smooth her hoary bristles and gaze into her pink eyes with a kind of expectant rapture. If she were to have twenty, God A'mighty, if she were to have twenty! If they had been religious men at all, I believe they would have prayed for that prodigous delivery.

But it never happened. She was finished. She brought forth what seemed to Quintus and my grandfather a paltry litter of fourteen or fifteen, then a wretched litter of ten or twelve, and finally they had her slaughtered.

At the time of the cutting up of the carcase Quintus was a frequent visitor. No longer able to ask after the welfare of the sow, he would sit there and discuss with affection and enthusiasm the promise of her bacon and sample the taste of her once noble and now collared head. She seemed to him as admirable in death as she had been in life. Had my grandfather a mite o' liver to spare, or a jowl, or a taste o' the chitterlings? It was as though he wanted these things as a souvenir of her fruitfulness. Long afterwards, when the sow herself had become a kind of mythical wonder, I would see him, in some pause of the conversation, turn his mild fat face towards the kitchen ceiling and his eyes would rest on the muslined hams and the bacon sides glistening with salt as though with a powder of fine diamonds, and an expression of reminiscent beatitude would come over his face, as though he were reflecting on her wonder and her charm and her mortality.

It was clear that he worshipped her. Indeed, I believe he worshipped not only her but the race of pigs in its entirety. It may be that my memory is poor, but I never remember him talking of anything but pigs—pigs and pig-keeping, sows and stores, litters and the promise of litters. It did not occur to me until long afterwards that with his fat body and his mild fair-lashed eyes and solid fleshiness he was rather like some charming old sow himself.

But I should wrong him very much if I seemed to suggest that he had no other affections. I have said that he came to see us most often in winter, and that in summer he had other and more delightful pursuits.

Not that we never saw him in summer. We saw him, in fact, very often, engaged in that charming occupation which kept him from continuing the visits of wintertime.

He would be engaged, on those summer evenings, down the quite meadow-lanes where there was no traffic, in taking his hens for their evening walk. Very slow and deliberate and dignified, he would walk towards the river, and his three hens, like three small white dogs, would follow him, clucking with happiness. He would proceed at great leisure, between the high honey-suckled hedges, as far as the river. There he would pause and gaze at the water, the hens would pause and gaze at the water, too, and finally they would all return.

The sow and the hens have long since gone, but Quintus remains. He has suffered a common Midland fate: he is a countryman living in a town. And, seeing him sometimes as he proceeds with ponderous deliberation through the streets of the industrial town in which he now lives, his large wooden swill-buckets heavy on his sway-tree, I marvel not that he is still alive or that he still keeps and worships pigs but that he has not changed at all.

His face has become if anything more like an earthy beetroot than the mangel-wurzel I imagine it to have been, the tame white hens have been replaced by a small tame absurd

white dog, and his hair is no longer so thick and no longer corn-coloured, but white. Otherwise he seems to me not to have changed an atom from the figure I used to know.

And, indeed, if he had changed it would make no difference to me. For I like to think of him as I knew him a long time ago: not as the countryman living in the town, nor even as the man who worships pigs, but as the man who expressed his love of living things by taking his hens for gentle and solemn constitutionals on the summer evenings of a quieter age.

H. E. BATES

HONORÉ DAUMIER

THAT Daumier may be rightly claimed one of the finest draughtsmen the world has ever known is clearly evident in the exhibition of his works now on view in Paris. Having met with such success, his paintings and drawings have been transferred from the Orangerie Museum to the Bibliothèque Nationale—where they are now shown with the Lithographs, Engravings and Sculpture—and the entire exhibition prolonged until July.

Emerson said it was better to create than to criticise. Daumier did both. He created his criticisms, he lithographed his caricatures. And Daumier was a great caricaturist because he was the perfect combination of a master draughtsman and psychologist; Baudelaire, in praise of his great friend, ranked him with Molière as an erudite observer of human nature. He both sympathised and worked in conjunction with Balzac in illustrating his complete works, some examples of which may now be seen at the Bibliothèque Nationale. What two greater collaborators, indeed, for the recording of the history, life, and character of a country and its people!

The importance of Daumier's lithographic work has been underestimated, for it was this that later taught him the power of the pen—as seen in his astounding pen, wash, and water-colour drawings. The many lithographs at this exhibition are not only instructive for the study of Daumier's art, but also for the appreciation of his wit and humour, and recension of the history of his time, which, curiously enough, has many a parallel with the present political conditions in France. His political caricatures are undoubtedly the finest examples of his art of lithography. Wonderful in draughtsmanship, conception, and implication are the famous "Celui-là on peut le mettre en liberté," "Le Ventre Législatif," "Enfoncé Lafayette," and "La Rue Transnonain." Few indeed are the works of art in black and white which, for sheer artistry, can rival this last-named masterpiece.

Satire is Daumier's *tour de force*. This is not surprising considering his own fervent political and philosophical views, and the fact that he was working in the service of Charles Phillipon, editor of *La Caricature*, who, it is said, set himself up as personal enemy of the King. We wonder at the amazing impertinence of these two when we consider such condemning victimisation of the unhappy Louis Philippe, as in the "Gros Cupide, va!" "Dieu, ai-je aimé cet être-là?" and "Nous sommes tous d'honnêtes gens" lithographs. Eventually Daumier exceeded all daring and published his famous "Gargantua." The King could stand much—he was himself supposed to be among the first to laugh at the personal pear allegory—but this was the limit. So Daumier was locked up for his impudence in Ste. Pélagie prison for six months. Nothing daunted, however, he worked in his confinement, and there actually produced one of his finest lithographs, entitled "Souvenir de Ste. Pélagie."

By this time Daumier himself had evidently had enough of political and regal satire for, on his release, he turned principally to the caricature of the Bourgeois and Gens de Justice. His wit and humour seem to have sharpened during his term of imprisonment. In "Le Beau Narcisse," "L'Amateur de Melons," and "Croyant l'apercevoir" extreme ridicule and persiflage have replaced irony and hate.

It is curious that Ingres, that great scientist of drawing, as opposed to Daumier, the dynamic simplifier of line, should have made a remark so fitting to Honoré. "A great artist can always get the colour that suits his drawing," he said. But we may further agree with Baudelaire in stating that so expert was Daumier in his lithographic art that he induced colour in his prints by his most able handling of contrasts, values, and light and shade.

In visiting the former Orangerie Museum section we see how Daumier, at the age of forty, turned his talent to drawing and painting.

His drawings of *Amateurs* and *Avocats* form the gem of the collection. The British masters, Hogarth and Rowlandson, have been aptly compared with Daumier; through them, at least, we have gained a ready appreciation of his art. For in the same way are we attracted to his pictures by a fascinating subject. It is the scene that first draws our attention; later we experience the double satisfaction in noting its masterly treatment and technique. Thus it is in that masterpiece, "Après l'Audience," that we are at once captivated by the satire of two barristers in a court scene. Although the absurd preciosity of these figures and the fixed stolid expression of the public make a caricature of the picture—a buffoonery of court episode—we realise it to be, at the same time, a very great work of art, if only in the dramatic and tense atmosphere produced by a hard cold light, and the gripping effect given by a grey-blue wash. Was ever atmosphere more ably conveyed with such elimination of line and simplicity of wash? As for the grinning barristers, his fine pen has furrowed their knavish features and ridiculed their gesture.

Although Daumier painted a few masterpieces—inspired for the most part by the Flemish and Dutch masters—he seemed always to be seeking a definite formula for his brush as he had for his pen. Thus, he would vary his technique from intricate glazing and study of tonal value to thin smearing of colour or veritable palette-knife modelling in paint.

It has been truly said that Daumier, like Delacroix, his great contemporary and admirer, showed of what great or little importance colour may be in painting. Many of his canvases are mere studies in browns and blacks; others are examples of intricate chiaroscuro—gleaned from his early study of Rembrandt's art—and colour composition, showing the influence of the Flemish and Venetian schools. That *chef-d'œuvre*, "Les Curieux devant l'Etalage," well illustrates these latter qualities. In a word, he was a scientist of values and that, as Corot remarked, means everything in painting.

But the genius of Daumier lies in his superb draughtsmanship. He never sketched from nature, he drew from memory. This it was that always guaranteed him an amazing surety of line.

After a life of hardship, Daumier died at Valmondois, unrecognised, save by his few faithful and equally talented friends, as one of the greatest of French artists.

ALEXANDER WATT

VISUAL MUSIC

I BELIEVE that the art of ballet is still in its infancy, but I recognise the fact there are a number of literary and musical people who seem impervious to its appeal through the lack of the particular visual sensibility to which the art of the ballet is addressed. We know that the three arts of poetry, music and painting require a specific development of the sensibility to words, sounds and forms beyond that ordinary sensibility with which everyone who is not physically deficient or abnormal possesses. It is only when the sensibility reaches a certain degree of development that we can pass from practical experience into artistic experience.

It is possible that every art makes a mixed sensory appeal and that it is only the degree of domination of any one sense that provides a separating point or focus; but it is certain that ballet makes a mixed appeal to the eye and to the ear, as opera does. A designer I know admitted to me that he dis-

liked opera because what he saw interfered with what he heard; in order to listen to the music he had to shut his eyes and in order to see the stage he had to try to get rid of the music. This is an interesting case because I believe his difficulty was due to a higher development than average of both his visual and auditory senses. The music interfered with his looking at the stage because he looked hard and intently, and the stage scene interfered with his hearing because he tried to listen hard and intently. Those who do neither find no difficulty in opera whatever. They believe they see and they believe they hear; actually they do neither —at least not what the artist and the musician call seeing and hearing.

To do both adequately is, I am sure, partly a matter of natural aptitude and partly a matter of practice. Very few, probably, hear and see with equal acuteness and attentiveness. But ballet introduces a third element, movement. The movement on the stage in most dramatic and operatic productions is of a rudimentary kind and demands no special attention. A good producer, however (but I am speaking of a producer of genius, a Gordon Craig, a Nijinsky, or of artists like Fokine and Massine), will create forms in visual rhythm (the painter creates forms in a static rhythm) as the musician creates forms in auditory rhythm. This is something we never see to-day in the theatre, rarely in opera, but which is present in all good ballets. I should add that in ballet there are moments of pause where the rhythm is momentarily held up or arrested. Each of these arrested rhythms forms a picture and is analogous to what a painter gives us. Much of the visual beauty in ballet is achieved through these pictures, these moments of arrested rhythm. To see them in combination, to enjoy the visual *movement* in ballet, demands, I venture to think, an even further development of the visual sensibility.

I would make another analogy in the hope of its assisting towards a better understanding of the musical sense such as we find it developed in specifically gifted musicians. A melody or theme is also in the stream of sound one of these "pictures," these moments of arrested rhythm. The rhythm is, of course, not really arrested, it is only separated into a shape by a pause. This pause is not a pause in time, because time goes on, it flows for ever and never stops. It is exceedingly difficult to say what this pause is, but it seems to be the creative act itself. The fact that all these "pictures" can be related in a still more complicated synthesis of which we can become aware and get pleasure from is another mystery.

From this it will be noticeable how complex the art of ballet really is. Also, I must add that some people who have a developed visual sense as regards colour have a much inferior sense of three dimensional form. They do not see, or if they see they enjoy imperfectly, the plastic three-dimensional groupings of the human body in its stylised attitudes. For those who have the sense of three dimensional form in a high degree, the stylised forms are more interesting than the natural. I suspect all those who prefer naturalistic dancing in bare feet to the stylised ballet dancing in the conventionalised tights, ballet skirt and shoes of having the sense of plastic three dimensional form very little developed.

It is curious that in painting and poetry in this century we should have had a tendency towards more abstract work which is not so strong in ballet. In my opinion, a ballet like *Tricorne* (Three-cornered Hat) is a retrogression towards melodrama and it affords me little pleasure now apart from Picasso's beautiful setting which, however, has no relation to the choreography and is merely decorative. The relationship between the décor and the choreography is much closer in *Les Présages* where Massine and Masson are in more than an alliterative unity.

Astonishingly close to one another are the choreography and the music in *Les Présages* and *Choreartium*, and I hope the musician reading this will not gasp with horror when I say that I can imagine that a choreography might be found even to Beethoven's posthumous quartets. Not only this, but I think that such music might be further revealed by an adequate choreography than has ever yet been done. We are not to suppose, however, that we are anywhere near such a revelation. It shows what a good and genuine artist Massine is that he should have modestly chosen the music of Tchaikovsky and Brahms for his experiments in a more musical choreography.

I find that what we generally call "dramatic" appeals less and less to me in opera, drama and ballet. For example, on re-seeing *Petrouchka* at Covent Garden this season, I found for the first time that instead of preferring it to *The Firebird*, as I had always done before, I now get much more enjoyment from *The Firebird*. My predilection is more and more towards the classical ballets in their more expressive moments. They have more poise and more beauty but, of course, they could be immensely enriched as their range is too limited.

I believe this fits in with the general reaction against Wagnerism in music. We will probably live to see everywhere a much stronger revulsion from shocks and sensationalism than we have yet known. A sort of detective fiction in music, drama and ballet has had its day. There is also the interest in conundrums and puzzles which is merely the need for the comic relief after shocks and sensations. They all play a role in infantile art, but as they have not yet been fully exploited in ballet form we may look to see some form of Crook and Jazz having a vogue before any further marked development of the art of ballet takes place. W. J. TURNER

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"Men in White"

Nothing is lacking of entertainment in this most interesting play at the Lyric Theatre save sustained drama. It has, first of all, an immense curiosity-value in its setting, a modern London hospital behind the scenes. Certificates of authenticity to the last bacillus have been awarded by those who should know, and the main incidentals—two doctors battling for their diagnoses across the body of a child whose life may depend on the decision, and the long drawn out preparations for a serious operation—are presented vividly and perfectly. Nothing, moreover, could be more authentic than Mr. Lewis Casson's Great Surgeon, his kindly benevolence humbled and subordinated to his single-minded devotion to science. The gang of cheerful young medicos is there to the life, the tearful mothers plead for their children's lives *passim*, and the millionaire patient pines in vain for his office and his cigar. Excellent colour, you would say, for a play. But where is the play? At first you will suspect the old Corneille theme of Love *versus* Duty. George Ferguson is a brilliant young surgeon with a great career ahead of him in another six years or so if he works hard. But he is engaged to Laura Hudson, who does not propose to become a wife for odd moments only, and is piqued that a mere emergency blood-transfusion should deprive her fiancé of his evening out with her. Reasonably piqued, you may say, reflecting that it is not George's surgical skill which interests her, and that her best years are about to be given over to a piecemeal existence during which she may expect to meet her husband only when he is mentally and physically tired out. But this is not good enough for the author or Miss Jill Esmond, who between them make the young woman as hard as nails and stupid as well. It is obvious that George's career should provide him with a God-sent escape—there is no real problem such as might excite an audience's puzzled sympathy. And then George weakly misbehaves himself with a nurse, and the transpontine element swoops in. George must assist at the operation to save the nurse's life, endangered by a self-provoked abortion, and Laura must be brought in to watch so that she may appreciate the great work that her future husband is doing. This part of the play is so perfunctory as to be almost casual. Laura learns the truth and quarrels afresh with the remorse-stricken George, but all is put right by the nurse's death before curtain-fall. George shall have his career and Laura—melancholy thought—shall have what is left of George.

Mr. Robert Douglas gives an admirable performance as the young surgeon—not dynamic in the Donat vein, yet conveying precisely the right degree of impressiveness beneath the modest charm. Effective work is contributed by Mr. Alexander Archdale, Miss Nancy Pawley and Mr. Charles Maunsell.

"La Prisonnière"

It is now some years since Edouard Bourdet's play startled post-war audiences by its frank recognition of sexual perversion, and it is no longer necessary to insist on the delicacy and restraint of treatment which, however little they may impress the Censor, are the chief artistic merits of the piece. As presented now at the Arts Theatre Club it is not quite a masterpiece—the swaying of emotions is a little mechanical, and one has the sensation of a great deal of rhetoric preceding a foregone conclusion. The attempt made by Jacques Virieu to rescue Irène from her infatuation appears to fail because of his own weakness and stupidity, and Mr. P. Kynaston Reeves by over-stating the man's pompous fatuity actually slackens the dramatic tension far more than need be. Miss Valerie Taylor's sensitive expression of an agony of divided will is fresh and very moving, however, and Miss Zena Howard's contrasting study of cheerful voluptuousness as Jacques' mistress is piquantly effective. Mr. Robert Rendel's quiet incisiveness provides the most satisfying ten minutes of the evening, when he reveals the full implications of Irène's twisted passion on the lives of those about her.

"Comus" at Ludlow

Three hundred years ago the Bridgewater children, on their way to join their father, newly appointed Lord President of Wales, at Ludlow, lost themselves and each other "in the blind mazes of a tangled wood." Told of their adventure by his friend and their tutor, Henry Lawes, John Milton, then aged twenty-six, devised his *Comus* about their wanderings "in thick shelter of black shades." The Shropshire Pageant, first performed last Monday, and given all this week in aid of the Shropshire hospitals, culminates in the tercentenary representation of this Masque in its original setting, and before descendants of its first audience. Every detail has been studied with antiquarian care: the lovely costumes, designed after contemporary pictures and dresses, have been made by the Shropshire art schools and technical institutes. The music is, of course, Lawes' own, supplemented by tunes of his elder brother William's, from the Fitzwilliam Virginal book. A paper pattern and stuff costing 2*s*. 6*d*. has in many cottages here been the whole origin of an elaborate costume, and the wonderful co-operation of elementary school children, their teachers, the mayors, corporations, townsfolk, villagers, rustics, gentry and nobility of Shropshire is patent throughout both pageant and *Comus*. The women's institutes, the unemployed training centre at Market Drayton, the various scouts and guide organisations have all lent invaluable aid, and the team-work has resulted in a most edifying example of the artistic, dramatic and musical expression of a whole county, roused by the appeal of local charity, to true local patriotism. All seem to feel that both Mr. Drinkwater's words, written expressly for this pageant, and John Milton's great periods are their own, and speak and act them as though they were "sweeter than honeycomb" upon their lips. The streets of Ludlow have been crowded for many weeks with a "shining throng" of picturesquely dressed people from all over Shropshire, and one may only hope that this *ad hoc* vitality may persist long after the pageant week itself is over, and may be emulated in the other fifty-one counties. Thus will the "Chaos that reigns here" be "disinherited" in favour of a country life and liveliness more comfortable, but no less real, than that of the early seventeenth century.

"King Lear"

"The 'Lear' of Shakespeare cannot be acted," Lamb dogmatised, and ever since critics have sought from the play's performances confirmation or denial of the dictum. This Cranleigh production of *King Lear* solved the mystery of the play's contemporary popularity, only to create another in its avoidance by Shakespearean producers to-day. It was written to be acted and it acts well. Even those scenes got over which have been most severely condemned. The first act, which Johnson bludgeoned with a charge of "obscurity or inaccuracy," seemed crystal clear. The division of the kingdom had been effected, and there only remained those competitive declarations of love prompted by the old king's appetite for affection. Mr. Michael Redgrave's Lear was rich in conception and controlled in execution, and it is not surprising that this term he leaves schoolmastering for the Liverpool Repertory Theatre. The king's struggle for self-control was agonising in its intensity, and yet every cheap effect was avoided. He scaled the lyrical heights in his speech, "You think I'll weep," and then deliberately stifled applause by the conversational tone of "O fool, I shall go mad." Apart from musical irrelevancies the production moved swiftly, and was well contrived. As a school play, however, its value is dubious. Mr. Redgrave out-topped everyone, but he was only the leader of an ushers' quintet. The boys themselves had far too little training. This was the more unfortunate, as one had looked forward to seeing in action those "impersonal methods of the boy-actress" which Mr. Granville-Barker says Shakespeare relied on to keep his most tensely wrought scenes from toppling over into absurdity. This *Lear* stopped short of any such demonstration.

"They Shall Not Die."

They Shall Not Die, which was presented by the Left Theatre at the Holborn Empire, is a dramatically telescoped but substantially accurate history of the Scottsboro case which is still being fought in Alabama. The nine negro boys charged with having raped two white prostitutes on a freight train have been tried and retried. Two appeals to the Alabama Supreme Court have failed. During the three years that have elapsed since the first arrest of the negroes, a world-wide movement of protest has grown up, and "Scottsboro" has become symbolic of the struggle for equal rights of the negro people in the United States. Wexley's play derives from that protest and accepts that symbolism, and draws from both the force and fire to transform history into authentic drama. The play opens in 1931 with the arrest of the negroes, and ends with the amazing retrial which took place at Decatur in 1933. The moving and dramatic last Act is laid in the Decatur Court-room, and, from my memory of the newspaper reports of the trial which I read at the time in America, every word of the dialogue in that act comes out of the court record. Of such material is contemporary history made. The Left Theatre is to be congratulated on this production, and so is the producer, André van Gyseghem, who handled the enormous cast well, and again distinguished himself by the ingenious use of most economical stage settings. The play will be produced again on July 8th at Greenwich Borough Hall, and on July 15th at East Ham Town Hall.

A Pageant of Parliament

Three main difficulties would seem to face the producer of a pageant. The first is that of providing enough action and enough dialogue to hold the attention of the audience. This difficulty the Pageant of Parliament has successfully overcome. It is perhaps a trifle too long, though not a moment is wasted, but its scenic ingenuity and the standard of the elocution (particularly the speech of the Lord Mayor at the Guildhall banquet of 1805) deserve a special word of praise. The second difficulty is that of finding in the pages of history an adequate number of incidents relevant to the subject of the pageant. The item which won the most applause at the Albert Hall on Saturday night was the singing of a negro spiritual alleged to be connected with the Act for the Abolition of Slavery. The invention of the printing press, the defeat of the Armada and many other incidents not strictly germane to the history of Parliament, were similarly dragged in by the heels. The third difficulty is that of giving the right impression of the evolutionary character of history. For example, at the Albert Hall the false impression is given that Edward I created Parliament. This pageant does not solve the important problem of the histrionic presentation of history. Those who like pageants will enjoy it and those who do not like pageants had better just stay away.

THE COMING WEEK

FRIDAY, July 6th—
Cricket, England *v.* Australia (3rd Test Match), Manchester.
"Union Pacific," Covent Garden.

SATURDAY, July 7th—
Dances, Classical and Modern, Hyde Park, 3 and 7.

SUNDAY, July 8th—
C. Delisle Burns on "The Sense of Community," Conway Hall, 11.

MONDAY, July 9th—
Rifle Shooting, Imperial Meeting, Bisley.

TUESDAY, July 10th—
Miss Agatha Harrison on "With Mahatma Gandhi in India," Friends House, Euston Road, 1.20.
Tour Round Drapers' Hall, 27 Throgmorton Street, 3.30. Tickets (7*s*. 6*d*.) obtainable from the Secretary, King Edward's Hospital Fund for London, 10 Old Jewry, E.C.
Flower Show, National Sweet Pea Society, Old Horticultural Hall.

WEDNESDAY, July 11th—
"Charlotte's Progress," Mercury Theatre, Ladbroke Road, W.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

THERE is a great attraction about textual variants in the work of a favourite author which can be strongly felt by the reader with no pretensions to scholarship. We are always inquisitive about the works which have moved us; however much we may realise when we have finished a book, that there is nothing more to say, and that the author has said it all, we want something more, and fancy, like children pulling a toy to bits, that if we can see how a poem or a story grew in the poet's mind, we shall have resolved the mystery of its effect upon us. Moreover, the very act of comparing texts, of turning pages back with the thumb and marking passages in pencil provides in itself an odd form of literary pleasure; so employed a make-believe scholar, a greybeard at play, enjoys in many cases the sensations of the discoverer and of the panjandrum, or at the least those of the dog mumbling and chewing his rubber bone. But if one is to get pleasure from such an occupation, it is essential that the texts one is comparing should be those of a great writer and that one should be convinced of their importance. Thus niggling over the text of Tickell, or Toplady, or Settle appears to me, in my ignorance, to require a love of pedantry for its own sake since I do not care a boot button where they put their commas. Yet directly I love an author I become convinced that every detail of his text matters and feel an almost religious veneration for every pedantic detail. For me Shelley is not only one of the greatest poets, but one for whom I have a peculiar feeling which it is hard to describe truthfully without seeming ridiculous. That is to say, I identify myself with Shelley as I cannot identify myself with —let us say—Milton. It is not only that I subscribe to his emotions and his opinions, I have also the strange illusion that if Shelley had never lived I could not have hoped to have understood myself or to be understood by others. Shelley has provided a key for me to a great deal that, without him, would have remained unsuspected, or only dimly felt. To many people such a statement will be meaningless, but I am not unique in this respect since G. Lowes Dickinson had exactly the same feeling.

* * *

Verse and Prose from the Manuscripts of Percy Bysshe Shelley, edited by Sir John Shelley-Rolls and Roger Ingpen (privately printed but obtainable from Zaehnsdorf, £1 1s.) contains a great deal of interest. The manuscripts in question are the notebooks in the possession of the poet's great-nephew, Sir John Shelley-Rolls, formerly the property of his son, Sir Percy Florence Shelley. They have, therefore, presumably, already been sifted at least twice—by Mary Shelley and by Richard Garnett. Several of the more important notebooks are now in America, and another volume as rich in material as Garnett's *Relics of Shelley* is naturally not to be expected. Yet what is here printed was emphatically worth collecting and worth publishing. Perhaps the most striking of the pieces is one which has an autobiographical interest. In the dedicatory verses to Mary, in *The Revolt of Islam*, Shelley says:

> . . . .I do remember well the hour which burst
> My Spirit's sleep: a fresh May-dawn it was
> When I walked forth upon the glittering grass,
> And wept, I knew not why; until there rose
> From the near school-room, voices, that, alas!
> Were but one echo from a world of woes—
> The harsh and grating strife of tyrants and of foes.

This passage is here expanded by several variants and supplementary passages containing more detailed memories of those terrible schooldays at Eton:

> It was a sunny morn of the fresh year
> When I walked forth upon the glittering grass
> And deeply my young heart was moved to hear
> The harsh rude voices from the school-room pass:
> So that I wept, all lonely as I was,
> And sate awhile in tears grieving to know
> (How little love) was in the world, alas!
> And each then feared a tyrant or a foe
> *cancelled.*
> I feared not those who railed, nor did I hate
> Mine equals, but was lone, untameable;
> Like some wild beast that cannot find its mate:
> A solitary gazelle
> Which in the desert wilderness doth dwell
> Secure in its own swiftness.
> * * *
> Mine equals shunned a boy so sad and wild;
> And those who ruled me found untameable
> The spirit of a meek and gentle child,
> Nor with a bitter scorn of wrong I smiled.
>
> When hoary men, or youths of strength mature,
> Struck me with fruitless blows, and undefiled
> (By awe or by submission, thus did endure).

To me these lines, though obviously not taking a place in the final version of *Laon and Cythna*, which we know as *The Revolt of Islam*, are extremely moving if only from their subject. And the reason given for his tears—*grieving to know how little love was in the world*—is far more accurate and self-revealing than the cautious and uninteresting: *And wept, I knew not why.*

* * *

There are several cancelled stanzas intended for the first canto of the same poem, which, it may be remembered, opens with one of the finest descriptions of the sky in the whole of literature. They are of interest since they show that there was a clear picture in Shelley's mind before he found the final descriptive words for it. Thus the "*opening spot of blue serene*," "*where the irresistible storm had cloven the fearful darkness*," which is alluded to twice in the final version, is referred to yet again at the end of the unpublished lines:

> Meanwhile the thunder ceased not—nor the air
> To echo with its deep and sullen sound,
> Nor the red flames to burst—but all did spare
> That spot of eastern Heaven that was so still and fair.

Out of a number of cancelled passages and early drafts of stanzas in *The Witch of Atlas*, one is striking owing to its weakness when compared with the final version. The first expression of Shelley's thought would certainly have disgraced him:

> The soldiers dreamed that they were blacksmiths, and
> Got out of bed with a somnambulism;
> And, awkward with an unfamiliar hand,
> Like Cyclopses in Vulcan's sooty abysm,
> Beat all their swords to ploughshares; . . .

Which in the final version is altered to:

> The soldiers dreamed that they were blacksmiths, and
> Walked out of quarters in somnambulism;
> Round the red anvils you might see them stand.

* * *

A score or so of lines are added to the incomplete prologue to *Hellas*, and among a number of passages originally intended to be incorporated into the poem itself there is one fragment which to me is like a broken nautilus shell, picked up amongst the pebbles of the shingle, a thing to be prized and treasured:

> And Night with her herds
> Of terrors and dreams and slumbers
> Sinks like a falling foe
> On the wastes and lakes and meadows,
> And every dim pool and river
> Distressed like an owl midday-bewildered.

In the prose there are delightful arguments on miracles and on the Christian religion which show how close Shelley was to Gibbon:

> We are called on to believe in the divinity of a doctrine the effect of which has been to establish more firmly that which it was promulgated to destroy. . . .

But the real value of this charming collection of scraps is that it will lead a few old book-worms who handle it and treasure it to read again, and feel again, with the same overwhelming emotion, the poetry that most affected them when they were young.

DAVID GARNETT

FRAUD DETECTED

An Enquiry into the Nature of Certain Nineteenth Century Pamphlets. By JOHN CARTER AND GRAHAM POLLARD. *Constable.* 15s.

One of the rarest first editions of the nineteenth century, and one of the most esteemed by collectors, alike for its literary and bibliographical interest, is the privately printed *Sonnets*, By E. B. B. Reading, 1847—the first appearance in print of Mrs. Browning's " Sonnets from the Portuguese." Its rarity can be gauged from the high average price (£98) it has fetched at auctions since its first appearance on the market some forty years ago, and by the fact that there are only three copies in this country, all the others belonging to the great public and private collections in U.S.A. Of these three copies, two belong to Mr. T. J. Wise, the famous bibliographer and owner of the Ashley Library; the third was withdrawn from the sale of the late Mr. H. T. Butler's library in London a few weeks ago. No comment was made at the time and no explanation given. Perhaps neither was necessary, for the withdrawal of the book was not unexpected by those who have been waiting for a confirmation of the ugly rumours concerning it which have been circulating during the last few months.

It is difficult to explain, without entering into detail, how these suspicions arose in the first place. Just as a doctor may give a death-certificate in perfect good faith and then find, months later, that the police have found sufficient cause to justify the exhumation of the body, so after a long and patient inquiry into all the evidence relating to the literary and bibliographical history not only of the Reading *Sonnets* but of some fifty other pamphlets associated with it, Mr. John Carter and Mr. Graham Pollard have found abundant reasons for upsetting the accepted verdict on all these supposedly genuine rarities, and proving that the majority of them are arrant forgeries. Their inquiry, as set forth at length in this profoundly interesting book, is a model of careful scholarship and skilful reconstruction. Every statement is supported by unimpeachable evidence; every scrap of evidence is substantiated by elaborate references; their conclusions, even those in part conjectural, are entirely convincing. After such a brilliant piece of detective work, one cannot help sympathising with the authors for having to bring in an open verdict. They have exposed everything, short of the identity of the victim of their damning indictment.

To most people it may seem scarcely credible that anyone could get away so successfully and for so long with forgeries of the works of Dickens, Thackeray, Tennyson, Swinburne, the Brownings, Rossetti, Arnold and Morris—to name only nine of the fifteen famous authors involved in this inquiry. It is incredible that most of them knew nothing about these fraudulent impressions of their work, and that those who were shown them denied all knowledge of them; that not one of these rare and for the most part privately printed or " pre-first " editions contains a presentation inscription or other proof of authentic provenance; that every copy of them known is either in a modern binding or in mint condition, stitched, folded or wrappered, with those desirable untrimmed edges which have only come to be cherished in the last fifty years; that no copy of any of them, though one is dated as early as 1842 and the majority belong to the middle decades of the century, possesses a satisfactory pedigree, none, it would seem, having been mentioned in any contemporary correspondence or biography, or appeared on the market before 1888, since which time they have had a mysterious way of turning up for sale in groups. All this and much more is indeed incredible unless we admit them to be forgeries, uttered towards the close of the last century by someone intimately acquainted with all the difficulties and risks of printing, publishing and marketing such highly delicate wares. In the light of Mr. Carter and Mr. Pollard's disclosures I can find no possible reason for not admitting it. Their case is watertight; its conclusions, in my opinion, are unimpugnable.

Whatever motive the forger may have had—I suspect it to have been a mixture of vanity and gain—Mr. Carter and Mr. Pollard leave no doubt about his opportunity for committing the fraud and the methods he used. That he was an expert bibliographer is evident from the fact that his forgeries are neither facsimiles nor piracies of existing and authentic books, but " original editions " in themselves, consisting of a separate, pre-dated printing of a portion of a genuine first edition. As to his technique, it is so amazingly ingenious—one of his forgeries was

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actually copied by another hand—that the question naturally arises: How on earth did he find a printer willing to undertake the work? In short, where did his opportunity lie? The answer to this question—perhaps the most subtle of all—turned up, as is so often the case in criminal detection, by a lucky chance in the course of routine work. It was observed that seventeen of the suspects were printed in a type containing two oddly designed (kernless) letters, not in use before 1880, and a peculiar question mark. It was therefore evident that these widely dated pamphlets, though purporting to have been printed at places as far apart as London, Manchester, Woolwich and Cambridge, Mass., were the work of a single printing-house. Here luck intervened. A copy of the type-facsimile (1893) of Arnold's *Alaric at Rome*, printed by Mr. Wise for private circulation only, was found to contain these identical typographical features. The printers of this pamphlet and so *a fortiori* of all the seventeen suspects were Messrs. R. Clay and Sons. On account of the elaborate and authorised facsimile work in which they were engaged for the Shelley Society and for private customers, they had no reason to suppose that they were handling anything of a suspicious character. Acting in entire good faith, they were the innocent means of providing the forger with a perfect opportunity.

But the forger had not calculated on the "microscopic eyes" of the detectives who after forty years would uncover his tracks. Those eyes, he failed to anticipate, would examine with scientific precision not only the type but also the paper he employed. For Mr. Carter and Mr. Pollard, after a study of the history of paper-making, are now able to prove that twenty-two of their suspects are printed on paper containing basic materials which were not introduced before 1861 and in some cases not until 1874. Since all these suspects are dated earlier than one or other of these years, it is clear that they are barefaced forgeries. "The whole thing proves," as Mr. Wise remarked on an infinitely less serious occasion, "that, easy as it appears to be to fabricate reprints of rare books, it is in actual practice absolutely impossible to do so in such a manner that detection cannot follow the result."

In the face of such an authoritative statement, it is surprising that the present fabrications have survived detection for nearly half a century. But it is profoundly ironical, when we learn from Mr. Carter and Mr. Pollard that it was Mr. Wise himself who lent his great authority as a collector and bibliographer to help them into the world; who established their rarity and, as it were, "canonised" them in his well-known bibliographies, the standard authorities for almost all the now proven forgeries; and who purchased a large stock of them from an unknown source, and placed them on the market through the agency of a certain Mr. Gorfin, whose evidence is one of the most striking incidents in the whole story. Mr. Wise has recently revealed how he deceived himself about the provenance of his own copy of the Reading *Sonnets*; but it is clear that he has been far more deeply and gravely deceived. How far, the reader will judge when he has examined the deplorable state of affairs exposed by Mr. Carter and Mr. Pollard in the course of this public-spirited inquiry.

JOHN HAYWARD

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NEW NOVELS

Chinese Testament. By S. TRETIAKOV. *Gollancz.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Harvest in the North. By JAMES LANSDALE HODSON. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Corporal Tune. By L. A. G. STRONG. *Gollancz.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

From the frontispiece of *Chinese Testament* peers a pensive short-sighted figure, round-headed, round-faced, clad in a long robe and a short silk jacket buttoned up to the neck. The name of this lonely and gentle-looking apparition is Tan Shih-hua. Mr. Tretiakov, his biographer, met him at the University of Peking, where he was studying Russian literature and Marxian dialectics, and *Chinese Testament* is the young man's own account of how he grew to maturity or (perhaps it might be more accurate to say) to that state of impressionable and painfully vacillating immaturity in which so many Eastern students, nourished on "Western thought," are condemned to remain as long as they live. Tan—to call him by his family name—was a typical product of the modern Orient, far more genuinely a victim of the West and its strange disturbing dogmas than any of those "down-trodden" compatriots for whom Tan and his fellow students felt such a lively solicitude. Subjection may degrade, but it is only education that can steal the soul out of the body, confuse the calm pattern that has persisted, almost unaltered, since the death of Confucius, and leave behind it political and social havoc.

Chinese Testament, then, is a tragic record. But why review it among novels? I accept the editor's assurance that a young man named Tan Shih-hua really existed; and yet I cannot help thinking that the narrative in its present form was never dictated, line for line, by a young Chinese intellectual, even though he spoke foreign languages and had studied in Moscow. The turn of thought seems distinctively European; I doubt, for instance, whether a Chinese student would envisage an episode of his childhood in a setting of world affairs:

> In the school my class-mates were passing into higher classes. . . . On the other side of the globe was the thunder and blood of the great European war. But the explosions of the shells were not heard in the quiet Pan-Pa'n. The fat Yuan Shih-kai was coining money with his portrait printed on it, recruiting soldiers so that he might declare himself Emperor. The quiet, large-browed Sun Yat-sen was collecting money from the Chinese abroad. . . . His revolutionary followers, hiding in villages, were either teaching youngsters, playing ma-jong and cards, or biding their time until their hour came. . . . My father was growing wheat. . . .

notwithstanding their presumed effect on his later development. It seems more probable that the book is a generalised portrait, and that literary convenience has suggested the use of the first person.

But, autobiography or romanced biography, it is well worth reading. *Chinese Testament* sets out to describe the progress of a revolutionary Chinese student, the offspring of one of Sun Yat-sen's most energetic followers, who veers towards Communism when the principles of the Kuomintang party, as laid down by Dr. Sun, are betrayed by Chang Kai-shek. The latter part of the story is somewhat chaotic; and much more interesting than the account of Tan's political evolution are the pictures of his early life, at home in Szechuan, in the big ancestral house, a labyrinth of courtyards, pavilions and terraces, perched above the rushing Yangtze, which there hurries along, shallow and blue. That the family system, as expressed by such a household, may entail intense suffering for the individual—particularly for an individual already disturbed by the slow penetration of Western thought—is made

very clear in Tan Shih-hua's story of his marriage. He had not wanted a wife, and he did not desire her when she was provided :

> The presence of my wife tortured me like constantly dripping water. . . . This wordless, completely alien, unbeautiful body, forced into my bed with the sole purpose that a perpetuator of the family Tan should whine in our house, irritated me. Love, of which I had read in scores of books, seemed to me the silly fancy of consoling verse-makers. . . . There was no such thing as love, only a small paper bag into which silkworms were put—a female and a male—and then the paper bag was sealed and the necessary number of eggs automatically obtained. There was only a marriage bed into which a dull and frightened girl and a protesting boy had been forced together. After that, children to nurse, children conceived unwillingly and in disgust.

Again, we seem to detect the hand of the editor, writing from a point of view that is radically un-Chinese. Yet the narrative may give an accurate impression of sufferings that the hero himself would have described differently.

Disgusted by marriage, Tan Shih-hua turned his mind to Peking and the larger prospects that work at the University appeared to open. There is a brilliant passage evoking his memories of a journey down the Yangtze, past Wanhsien and Ichang, where for the first time in his life he boarded a train. His experiences at the old capital, then in a ferment of political partisanship, excited but distressed him. He shared in the agitation of the period, translated pamphlets from the Russian, and eventually, round about 1926, while Chang Tso-ling, the formidable Old Marshal, and Feng, the "Christian" general, were sparring for the command of Northern China, was enabled to visit Moscow and imbibe Communism at its source. . . . The conclusion of Tan's odyssey is sad and obscure. "He plunged into China," Mr. Tretiakov tells us, "and disappeared. My letters to him have remained unanswered. I do not know what he is doing. Perhaps he is editing literary pamphlets, perhaps he works as a clerk of Feng, or teaches in Szechuan. Or perhaps, after looking closely into the split face of the Kuomintang, he has become a Communist, and like his father . . . continues to carry on guerilla warfare around the populous villages of Hunan and Tsien-hsi. Or perhaps he has fallen into the hangman's hands, and his head, with its sparse black hair and its quiet eyes, is peering through the bamboo bars of a prison-cage in some market-place deep in the interior of China."

By helping his fellow students to boycott British goods, Tan Shih-hua did something to promote the conditions described in *Harvest in the North*—a long, solidly written, interesting, if not particularly stimulating, first novel, which depicts a Lancashire town during the cotton-boom and, afterwards, during the slump. With two notable exceptions—Harriet Renshaw and her feckless, good-natured, optimistic husband—Mr. Hodson's *dramatis personæ* are rather vaguely and insignificantly drawn. His adventures into London life are not very convincing. What gives the book its quality is Mr. Hodson's knowledge of his Lancashire background, now lighted up by prosperity, now seen through a fog of depression and unemployment. Indeed, if its background alone is to be considered, *Harvest in the North* is probably the best and most vividly composed provincial novel that has been published for some long time, a bold and extensive panorama of a forbidding landscape. Seldom has the remoteness of the industrial North—in spirit a thousand miles from London—been brought home with more uncomfortably persuasive skill.

Mr. Hodson's method is panoramic. The emotional vicissitudes of his characters seem unimportant beside the larger movements in which, willy-nilly, they are all concerned. With *Corporal Tune* we revert to personal drama. This is not one of Mr. Strong's more successful novels. Here is a painstaking, honest, sensitive, now and then, it must be admitted, slightly sentimental study of a middle-aged man—apparently a novelist—brought face to face with death. His wife has preceded him on the road to extinction. She has died in childbirth; and, in a flash of intuition, he realises that the child was not his, and that she had deceived him with a friend of whom it had never occurred to him to be jealous . . . This discovery, however, does not impair the devotion to her memory that colours his whole life. Otherwise the story is uneventful; he travels south, consults a specialist, enters a nursing-home—described in considerable detail—submits to an operation and dies under the anaesthetic. Of his protagonist's memories, hopes, desires, reveries and philosophical reflections Mr. Strong has built up a narrative that would be moving, were the effect not a little shadowy. After such classics of illness as *The Magic Mountain*, *Corporal Tune* might be a variation on the theme of neuralgia.

PETER QUENNELL

THE CANCER OF SCIENCE

Scientific Research and Social Needs. By JULIAN HUXLEY. *Watts. 7s. 6d.*

The prospects of *homo sapiens* are gloomy. The evolution of this species of mammal may possibly culminate in its self-encompassed destruction. A conceivable alternative to this wholesale annihilation is the brave new world described by Mr. Aldous Huxley, in which everything which gives value to human life has been sacrificed for the sake of an aimless efficiency. And the cause of this gloomy outlook is, of course, the prodigious growth of science.

The scientific temper in itself is one of the qualities which makes man's evolution valuable, and would make his disappearance regrettable. Unluckily it is a very rare quality, even among scientists, except momentarily when they are actually engaged on their work. Indeed, I suspect from my limited experience that it is more commonly found among those whose education has not been based on the natural sciences. I have never forgotten meeting in Upper Egypt a distinguished young geologist who was horrified because I did not accept as an axiom that the addition of every square inch coloured red to the map of the world was *ipso facto* desirable. Professor Huxley, however, like his brother, does appear to be admirably unprejudiced, and I recommend his new book, *Scientific Research and Social Needs*. It is an amplification of a series of talks he gave for the B.B.C., based on a "tour of British science." Unfortunately for the reader, the influence of the original audience makes itself felt in the style, which, especially in the dialogues with Professor Levy and Sir Thomas Barlow, becomes sometimes too reminiscent of *Little Arthur's History of England*. The facts that emerge are however important.

The introductory chapter by Sir William Bragg is entitled "Science—Friend or Enemy?" for the scientists themselves

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now realise that they have become a public menace. Sir William points out that it is the same chemistry which has given us anaesthetics and poison-gases, and wittily quotes the auctioneer's answer to a would-be purchaser: "Sorry, Sir, if you want the parlour-lamp, you've got to take the garden-roller." But we have no choice. Even if we were prepared to sacrifice anaesthetics in order not to be bombed with poisons, we should not be allowed to do so. For science means power, and the holders of power will never relinquish science. So it is vain to look regretfully back, as many do, to the time before steam-power, before the printing-press. Our rake's progress began when we deserted the arboreal life, and by the scientific process known as "trial and error" learnt to chip a flint and make a tool. In point of fact, it is not our knowledge which is now the menace; it is our ignorance.

The growth of cells is necessary to keep the human body in repair, but some cells continue to grow, irrespective of their neighbours. These are called cancers, and they are suicidal as well as murderous, for they die with the body they have killed. Similarly the growth of certain departments of human knowledge has recently accelerated and become malignant: science, necessary for the preservation of the human race, is turning into a cancer well on the way to destroy us, and with us, itself. It would not matter that we had mastered the air, if we had also learnt to master ourselves. All growth is not cancer, but only lop-sided growth; and science has only become deadly because it has grown far faster in some direction than in others.

We can modify rabbits till they have fur like that of the silver fox; we can make cotton behave like wool, and wood-pulp look like silk. We can breed pests that will destroy other pests. We can penetrate 1,400 feet into the sea, and twelve miles into the sky. We can move at four hundred miles an hour. And, what is really important, we can prolong our health and marvellously diminish our pain. But we cannot see where our happiness lies; or rather, what is considerably more serious, we cannot make ourselves prefer happiness to misery. For, if we can believe experts in psychology, our hatred of others is largely a disguise for hatred of ourselves, and unconsciously but all too successfully we seek to be punished and destroyed. At any rate, a number of us are increasingly inclined to accept the psychological rather than the economic theory of the causation of war. But whether or not you are convinced by this, my point (which is Professor Huxley's) remains; and that is that psychology and sociology are sciences still in the rudimentary stage. We know far more about chemicals than we do about men and women, and the laws of breeding good milch-cows and good wheat receive incomparably more attention than the laws of breeding good human beings. The map of research in this country, Professor Huxley points out, is "entirely lop-sided, with a great bulge on the side of industry, and the physical and chemical sciences which help industry; distinctly undeveloped on the biological and health side, and quite embryonic in the region of the psychological and human sciences. There are actually more trained research workers in chemistry in a single one of the several research laboratories of Imperial Chemical Industries than there are trained research workers in psychology in the whole country."

And the reason for this? Principally economic. Better cows, better wheat, better dyes, mean better business, bigger profits. But psychological and sociological research are unlikely to benefit one firm or one country more than another, and as a result these sciences are starved. It is characteristic that the only psychological researches which Professor Huxley found to report on in his talks were connected with vocational selection and methods of increasing *per capita* production in industry, researches, that is to say, which are quickly reflected in increase in dividends. Research directly useful to industrial productions receives nearly as much as all other research put together, and about half of the remaining money spent on research goes to the fighting services. "Where your treasure is, there will your science be also," and Professor Levy in one of his discussions with Professor Huxley says:

> In the first place we have to get rid of this myth of impartiality. We have to recognise that whatever we set about doing is simply a method of fulfilling the desires of some person or group, and the *scientific* question we can ask is, Whose has it been in the past, and whose is it to be in the future?

This, I take it, is the orthodox Communist view, and it seems altogether too simple. University research, for instance, is largely disinterested, and fulfils no desires except that of the scientist for knowledge, and perhaps that of the University for prestige. I suspect that the prodigious complication of man is also a reason why scientists fight shy of dealing with him. Electrons, Lord knows, are by all accounts odd enough, but man seems even queerer, and provides still more refractory material.

Finally, the present tendency in scientific philosophy, as far as I can understand it, is towards a sort of new Idealism according to which the external world is a reflection of the complications of our mental processes. "Science," Mr. Gerald Heard says in his stimulating book *These Hurrying Years*, "Science is as selective and as creative as art"; and he quotes an eminent physicist as saying "It is all a matter of mental force. If you can construct further mathematically sound geometries, nature will continue to hand you the outer facts with which to confirm them." This hypothesis evidently makes the role of science in the future of the human race far more important than anyone could previously have conceived, but it is a hypothesis which it is excessively difficult even to begin to understand.

Without special knowledge it is impossible to say how far Professor Huxley's bird's eye view of contemporary research is adequate. But his chapter on medicine which happens to be the branch of science in which I am most interested strikes me as very thin. Also his description of the autogiro is inaccurate. But the interest of his book lies in the general problems raised rather than in particular facts. It is a devastating indictment of the economic system under which we live. By concentrating upon production instead of consumption it has proved its own unfitness to survive, and by concentrating on matter instead of man it is endangering not only itself but the whole human race. We blame the scientists for the anti-social effects of their researches, and this book has implicit in it the following retort: "You pay us only when our discoveries promise to bring you financial profit or to increase your national efficacy in murder. We enable you to increase production and to save labour, but instead of giving your workers more leisure and your consumers more goods you continue to overwork part of your population, and keep the rest unemployed and undernourished. We tell you how to prevent disease, but you are too stingy to listen to us, though you lavish money on curing illnesses which need never have occurred.

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NATURE FILMS

Secrets of Nature. By MARY FIELD and PERCY SMITH. *Faber and Faber.* 12s. 6d.

The film is a form of art which requires for its success a very complex system of creative co-operation. Only by a quite miraculous series of happy chances and wise choices can a film-producing unit come into being capable of turning out really successful work.

The "Secrets of Nature" films originated in the brain of H. Bruce Woolfe, a producer with the courage to follow his own inclinations. Coincidence and choice gathered round him Miss Mary Field, a director endowed with erudition, versatility, and wit, Percy Smith, microscopist, biologist, and involuntary inventor, and an attendant train of naturalist-cameramen—Edgar Chance, H. A. Gilbert, Walter Higham, Charles Head, and Oliver Pike.

Since 1922, this unit has produced over 150 Nature films, which, in spite of their admittedly informative content, have held their own as entertainment, not only in this country but also abroad. Those who are engaged in doing anything of interest usually lack the leisure to describe their activities till old age has curtailed them, hence the autumnal melancholy of most memoirs. It is an agreeable change to find a book such as this, written during a brief period of reorganisation, while the work described paused for a moment in mid-career. Bird Life, the Zoo, Larger Aquatic Life, Insects, and Microscopical subjects, each has a chapter. Plant Life has two. And, finally, the problems of "Editing" and "Sound" receive a chapter each. There are ninety illustrations. Technical language has been consistently avoided, and the book should make a correspondingly wide appeal. Simple-minded folk will enjoy watching the antics of the cinematographers at work, pitting their ingenuity against the intractability of Nature in a sort of fantastic obstacle-race; and educationists will welcome an account of so eminently successful an attempt to coat the pill of instruction with recreational jam.

Amateur cinematographers will find much in the book which they can turn to practical account. Those whose interests centre round their aesthetic sensibilities will welcome illustrations which remind them of the curious beauty of the actual films. Science, so often accused of swelling our heads without bestowing a corresponding benefit upon our hearts, in these films adjusts to perception-level a whole realm of elegant forms and harmonious actions previously beyond our ken. These aesthetic achievements of the camera form a fitting climax to the upward trend of Natural History illustration observable ever since the photographers supplanted the lithographic artists, those unworthy descendants of the copper-plate engravers and earlier woodcut artists.

Even the philosopher will find matter for much meditation in these films. It will strike him as a remarkable fact that mere speeding-up of action should endow vegetables with all the outward and visible signs of consciousness and even of volition; a root-tip perceives an obstacle which it has not yet reached, hesitates, and finally makes a detour to dodge it, a strangling dodder-plant flings itself upon its victim with hideous ferocity, a grass-seedling on stony ground expires in spasms of agony; is this a world of illusion into which the cinematographic time-machine has introduced us, or a world of revelation? And, if the latter, how can the necessities of human life be reconciled with our moral obligation of kindness to vegetables? What, in fact, can the neo-post-Tolstoyan humanitarian put in the cooking-pot?

The only regret which the book leaves in my mind is that more opportunities are not given to the public of seeing these films. Perhaps the spread of cinemotography in schools will soon rectify this to some extent. But surely the showing of such films should also be the business of those public institutions which seek to familiarise human beings with the appearance and habits of their fellow-animals—the Zoo, for example, and all museums which possess a Natural History Department. H. D. W.

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THE MERSEYSIDE SURVEY

The Social Survey of Merseyside. Edited by D. CARADOG JONES. *Liverpool University Press: Hodder and Stoughton.* Three Volumes, 45s. (Volume I, 15s.; Volume II, 21s.; Volume III, 25s.).

Politicians cannot complain of lack of data upon which to base schemes of social reform. Following closely upon the publication of Volumes VI and VII of the London Survey, a comprehensive survey of Merseyside makes its appearance complete in three volumes. The Merseyside inquiry, under the direction of Mr. Caradog Jones, who was assisted by a band of co-workers, also covers the period 1929–32, and enables comparisons to be drawn between a depressed and a relatively prosperous area. The London results when compared with those of Charles Booth, some forty years earlier, may have made some readers feel complacent, but those for an area as depressed as Merseyside help to correct such an attitude.

The first volume opens with a brief discussion of the physical setting of the area, and an analysis of the composition of its population. Merseyside has continually acted as a focus for immigrants, 16 per cent. of its working-class population in 1929 having been born outside the area. Unlike inland industrial areas, it has drawn not only on the surrounding countryside but on the extreme corners of the British Isles. Numbers of Irish, Scottish and Welsh, in that order, to-day still seek work in the area.

The analysis of a sample of working-class households substantially follows the lines of the similar one made in the London Survey, and corroborates many of the findings of the latter. Although over-crowding is not quite so bad in Merseyside, young children, as in London, suffer the most. Three-quarters of Merseyside families have houses to themselves, and pay lower average rents for them than Londoners are compelled to pay for flats and portions of sub-divided houses. Overcrowding as in London is concentrated around the central business district and along the riverside. In both, new housing should be placed in the centre of the town near the work-places of the lower-paid earners, and the provision of suburban estates leaves their problem untouched.

Average family income is slightly less in Merseyside for a larger average family. As one would expect in a depressed area, the proportion of persons in poverty, 16 per cent. in 1929–30, exceeded by over three-quarters that found in the working-class population of London. Nearly a quarter of Merseyside children under fourteen were living below the very bare subsistence level of the poverty line fixed by the surveys, compared with one-eighth in London. Unemployment more than low wages or large families stands out as the predominant cause of poverty in both areas.

The Survey includes a study of working-class budgets which shows relatively slight differences in the expenditure of the working-class housewife compared with 1914. A little more milk in preference to cheese and slightly more fruit in place of cereals and jam are the only important differences. Rent, however, relatively inelastic at the present time, seems to be of more importance than it receives in the composition of the Cost of Living Index.

Volume II consists mainly of a series of industrial studies which stress the dependence of the area on the shipping, land transport and distributive group of trades. Their workers, mainly unskilled or semi-skilled, form a reservoir of labour for any industry involving much routine work. A number of interesting tables derived from House Sample material show industrial mobility and differential fertility for the more important groups of workers. More attention in many of these studies is paid to the organisation and finance of the industries and perhaps too little to their labour force, while nowhere in the volumes do the Trade Unions receive any discussion as an important social and economic institution.

In many ways Volume III contains much fresh and, therefore, most interesting material. Dealing with a smaller population than in London, 1¼ million compared with 8¼ million, the survey undertook, by means of questionnaires, investigations ancillary to the main house sample analysis. An infant welfare inquiry traced the progress of a sample of infants over a period of two years. The tables bring out the tragic difference between the fate of children born to the very poor and those born to the middle class. Of the former group only 54 per cent. made good progress during the two years of the investigation and 19 per cent. died, while 91 per cent. of the latter made good progress and mortality was nil.

The question of leisure is also mainly attacked by the questionnaire method. A more detailed study of the scope of the institutions catering for the use of leisure would perhaps have been of greater value than a small and rather biased sample of individual activities. The public house and the club, the chief social institutions of the working class, merit rather more discussion than they receive.

A census of the attendance at a sample of churches on a Sunday in 1930 and in 1931 provides interesting data. Both the Anglican and the Free Churches drew a high proportion of the young and old, unlike the Roman Catholic congregations whose age distribution resembled that of the general population. "There is an exceptionally high attendance among single women, at all ages, and an exceptionally low one among married women." Among the Catholic congregations, five-sixths were manual workers compared with a half in the others, while of the former only a fifth were skilled workers compared with about half of the latter. In brief, the Catholics, compared with the others, have retained their hold of the working class.

Perhaps the most original contribution of the Survey lies in its very detailed study of the sub-normal groups in the population. It goes beyond an analysis of their economic condition and attempts to trace the incidence and hereditary nature of both physical and mental defects.

In a short notice it is difficult to more than skim the conclusions of these three rich volumes of 1,350 pages and indicate the chief points of criticism. They are stocked with information on the work and home conditions, leisure and misery in a great provincial industrial centre. The results are presented clearly in a context of careful discussion and comment, with a number of notes and appendices explaining the methods followed; and its reputation as a model of scientific social research should stand deservedly high.

M. MICHAELS

C. P. SCOTT

C. P. Scott of the "Manchester Guardian." By J. L. HAMMOND. *Bell.* 12s. 6d.

To a prospective and nervous leader-writer, who asked (somewhat boldly, but with good reason, as it turned out) whether there were "policy" topics on which his political views would be no barrier to free expression in the *Manchester Guardian*, C. P. Scott replied:

> Of course, no single person determines policy, except in so far as, at particular moments and on particular issues, I have to do it myself. Those who write for the paper are a fellowship. The paper itself is something bigger than any of us. It exists in order to serve certain ends, and, in all the vast complexity of things and conflict of ideas, it is our object as far as possible to steer a straight course. Policy is in this sense a joint-product; each man plays his part in determining it.

This passage is in many ways characteristic of C. P. Scott—characteristic in its phraseology, in its caution, in its courteous (and justifiable) evasions, in its clarity about the essential point, in its incidental flattery and in its assumption that the *Manchester Guardian* was a unique institution with a moral aim which somehow swallowed up all petty differences and difficulties. But the careful reader of Mr. Hammond's compact biography will have his doubts about C. P. Scott's Hegelian interpretation of his newspaper. Can any newspaper be the result of a mystical harmony of souls? Or must it be, if it is to succeed in "steering a straight course," essentially the work of a single mind? First, there are the limiting factors of circumstances—in the case of the *Manchester Guardian*, its predominantly local circulation, its Liberal origin and party connection. Then it is true that leader-writers like W. T. Arnold, L. T. Hobhouse, C. E. Montague, Herbert Sidebotham and others exerted a powerful influence on its attitude at various times, and that on lesser issues conversation and argument played their part in determining its attitude. But the truth is that C. P. Scott was an autocrat who made up his own mind and had his own way. The "Conference" method, regularly adopted on some papers, never succeeded in the *M.G.* office. A "fellowship" is scarcely an accurate picture of the situation. Even his most brilliant writer, C. E. Montague, found his leaders cut to pieces by the editor and left the paper, in part at least, because differences of opinion made it impossible for him to deal with the most important issues of public policy. In a quite admirable chapter on "C. P. S. in the office," Mr. Crozier, the present editor of the *M.G.*, writes: "To his staff he was courteous and suave, with an absolute authority. Those under

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his eye he ruled with an almost military discipline, but he did not like it said so." In fact, although he had a contempt for pliability and in conversation appeared to welcome "the opposition of independent minds," C. P. Scott was not a member of a "fellowship." It would be more a curate to say that he was the captain of a battleship, and it was just because the captain's word was law and his eye keen and his caution as great as his courage that the ship came so successfully through the fight.

We may take it then that on all vital issues the life of C. P. Scott is identical with the history of the *Manchester Guardian*. Except for the ten years when he was in Parliament, C. P. Scott devoted his entire energy and thought to his paper. Historically, the importance of C. P. Scott and his paper is twofold. He resisted—and helped many other Liberals to resist—the economic and psychological tendencies which swept a large part of the Liberal Party into an imperialism whish was destructive of the root principles of Liberalism. Secondly, he resisted, with a surprising degress of success, the commercial influences which, from the end of the nineteenth century, went so far to destroy journalism as a profession. Mr. Hammond leaves no doubt about the importance of either achievement, and the bulk of his biography—one of the best short political biographies in our language—is devoted to a detailed and condensed account of C. P. Scott's struggles to make dominant in the world the principles which Liberalism professed, but to which it was not always true. The influence of the *Manchester Guardian*, completely out of relation to its circulation, was due to the fact that, though it compromised with commercialism—C. P. Scott gave away grudgingly and slowly and always "with a difference" to the necessity of "popularisation"—and though it constantly compromised on details of policy, it held with unshakable tenacity to its central principles. When Scott said he was a democrat, he meant it. He did not mean that he was willing to accept the popular will only so long as it voted Liberal or Conservative. When Liberalism died as an effective political force, he was willing to accept—and to do his best to Liberalise—Labour. Like other Liberals, he declared for the under-dog. He did an enormous amount to modify the bitterness of the class-war by sticking to the under-dog. Even when this animal behaved awkwardly, Mr. Hammond shows that the *M.G.* persistently defended the working-class side from the period of the great strikes of the 'nineties down to the General Strike of 1926. As a Liberal, he believed in free speech, and he applied his belief even to Communists, whose philosophy he did not remotely understand, but whose views found their ways into his columns, when no other "Capitalist" newspaper would as much as refer to them. He was the stoutest defender of women's suffrage and worked year after year privately and publicly for a reasonable Home Rule settlement. He hated imperialism and nearly ruined his paper by leading the opposition to the Boer War. Mr. Hammond describes, with many valuable examples from his letters and diary of the period, Scott's constant private as well as public opposition to the economic imperialism of Asquith and Grey. He fought up to the last minute against the policy which secretly bound this country to France and Russia and which made nonsense of the Liberal pretension that England's policy was still one of "isolation," and her people free to stay out of the war, if they chose.

Probably, to many people, the most interesting and surprising revelation of Mr. Hammond's book will be the story of the intimate relation between C. P. Scott and Mr. Lloyd George. The friendship was formed when C. P. Scott was in Parliament; it flourished during Mr. Lloyd George's period of Radical leadership before the war, and it persisted even during the war itself, because Scott was shrewd enough to see at an early stage that if the war had to be won, Mr. Lloyd George was the ablest leader England had. But Scott condemned the "crime" of the khaki election of 1918 and parted company altogether with Mr. Lloyd George during the Black-and-Tan period. Later they made it up and Scott used to relate in confidence how, after the General Strike, Mr. Lloyd George made a special journey to Manchester in order to submit to the editorial blue pencil his famous reply to Asquith's rebuke. Talking of the "hang the Kaiser and make Germany pay" election, Mr. Hammond writes:

> The full significance of those events escaped Scott. . . . He did not realise that the General Election had created a Northcliffe atmosphere from which Mr. Lloyd George could not escape. . . . More than once during the war his imagination had been fired by the vision of saving England by stubborn struggle, and then saving the world by a magnanimous peace. In the hour of victory this had been his first mood. But he had not come unscathed through the coarse violence of the election. In destroying his opponents he had destroyed something of himself. His generous dreams had gone. He went to Paris, Wilson's man where England had nothing to take: Northcliffe's man where England had anything to give.

If Scott did not fully understand these events, it was because he cherished the Liberal faith in reason with which he had fought all his life and in whose victory he had never doubted. He was too old after the war to suffer from the fundamental perplexities which beset the younger generation. The power of economic circumstance to mould events, and of ideals, which pretend to shape events, to change with them, he had not guessed. Once, exasperated with an exceptionally comic example of economic nationalism, he turned to the present writer and said: "Am I deceived, or is the world really much madder than it used to be when I was a young man?" The madness, the violence and folly of men had always been latent, but they had been released by circumstances which Liberal philosophy did not foresee. C. P. Scott's great achievement was to provide England with an organ of thought which refused to go with the current madness and which still stands for sanity, reason and intelligence.

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TIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, July 13th.

2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.

3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.

4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The results of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION 223

Set by V. Sackville-West

Myself when young did memorise and all-too-frequently recite a composite poem something like this :

The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled
Because his arms and legs were off
So he waved his sword and said,
My name is Norval ; on the Grampian Hills
The village smithy stands.
The smith, a mighty man was wrecked
On the pitiless Goodwin Sands ;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.
The doctors had given her up, Sir,
The darling of our crew,
And the cheek of Argyll grew deadly pale
All for that bit of blue.
Then we rushed for the signal rockets—
Let's fire them quick, we cried,
As the good Abbot of Abrobrothrock
Plunged headlong into the tide.
Then who will stand on either hand
And keep the bridge with me,
On board the schooner Hesperus
That sails the wintry sea ?
For I, with two to help me,
Will keep the foe at bay,
For I'm to be Queen of the May, mother,
For I'm to be Queen of the May.

It is suggested that competitors should provide a composite poem of the same sort with the proviso that the lines incorporated (of equivalent number) should be drawn exclusively from the work of living poets. We offer a First Prize of Two Guineas and a Second Prize of Half a Guinea for the best entries.

Report by V. Sackville-West

The entries for this competition were numerous, and the standard high. The principal weakness, as might have been expected, was a certain lack of coherence in the poems ; only five competitors, for instance, venturing to emphasise the unity of their contribution by the addition of a title. F. Gourlay must be given credit for greater coherence than most ; so must Mabel Roberts, but I confess I was unable to identify several of her lines, though doubtless my own ignorance was to blame ; and so must P. A. Anson, who unfortunately is disqualified because five of his poets are now no more.

Though coherence might be lacking, however, in the individual efforts, there was a noticeable unanimity in the corporate preference for certain lines or characters. The Traveller knocking on the moonlit door, occurring in nine separate poems, won by a short head over the need to stand and stare, with eight marks ; the fat white woman walked four times in the fields with gloves ; five competitors went down to the sea again ; and five arose and went to Innisfree (one of them, I.M.H.R., accompanied by a cargo of Tyne coal).

Decision was not easy. One was tempted by couplets such as Leander's

She cleans her teeth into the lake.
Oh world, be nobler, for her sake !

or Lester Ralph's

When the tea is brought at five o'clock,
Knocking on the moonlit door.

It was difficult, again, to choose between Shelmerdine, whose contribution was perhaps the most original of the whole lot, on a University theme ; or Winifred Cray ; or Allan Laing ; but after much consideration I award the prizes as follows : first prize (£1 11s. 6d.) to Raphanus, and two second prizes (10s. 6d.) to E. J. and J. R. B.

FIRST PRIZE

Do you remember an inn, Miranda ?[1]
Alone within the tavern parlour still[2]
The little last remaining spiders run—[3]
Whir of spiders when they spin[4]
The favour of the hostess of the inn.[5]
Light the candles, grandmother ![6]
This way and that she peers and sees,[7]
Displayed against the blind in a shadow show,[8]
The kings sit down to dinner, and the queens stand up to dance,[9]
(Ice cream, of course, will follow !)[10]
I have tied in the box, with a rough twine of string,[11]
A silver pig with ring in snout,[12]
Berries, and plums to eat,[13]
And sunlight coloured honey of the clover ;[14]
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine ;[15]
The Heaven's embroidered cloths,[16] a penny square
Of pungent napthaline to scare[17]
Clashing jaws of moth chumbling holes in cloth,[18]
Man with all mystery to beguile.[19]
And when white moths were on the wing[20]
Of a summer evening, late,[21]
Treading as in jungles free leopards do[22]
I stared into the sky,[23]
And stared, and saw, and did not understand[24]
The night will never stay ;[25]
Chimborazo, Cotopaxi had taken my speech away.[26] RAPHANUS

[1] *Tarantella*, H. Belloc.
[2] *Scythe Struck by Lightning*, E. Blunden.
[3] *Out of Doors*, F. Cornford.
[4] *Lost Love*, R. Graves.
[5] *Unknown Country*, H. Munro.
[6] *Light the Lamps Up, Lamplighter*, E. Farjeon.
[7] *Silver*, W. De La Mare.
[8] *The Patchwork Bonnet*, R. Graves.
[9] *St. Helena Lullaby*, Kipling.
[10] *Storm on 5th Avenue*, S. Sassoon.
[11] *Letters*, E. Davidson.
[12] *Treasure Box*, R. Graves.
[13] *Eve*, R. Hodgson.
[14] *Honey Harvest*, M. Armstrong.
[15] *Cargoes*, Masefield.
[16] *Had I the Heaven's Embroidered Cloths*, Yeats.
[17] *Miss Thompson Goes Shopping*, M. Armstrong.
[18] *Lost Love*, R. Graves.
[19] *Birthright*, Drinkwater.
[20] *Song of Wandering Aengus*, Yeats.
[21] *The Road Through the Woods*, Kipling.
[22] *Deer*, J. Drinkwater.
[23] *Song of Honour*, R. Hodgson.
[24] *Sonnet*, J. C. Squire.
[25] *The Night Will Never Stay*, E. Farjeon.
[26] *Romance*, W. J. Turner.

SECOND PRIZE (1)

What is this life, if full or care
Men triumph over women still,
And beef-fed zealots threaten ill,
Remembering all that shaken hair ?

O ye who tread the narrow way,
Go down to Kew in lilac time,
To shaven closes, sweet with lime,
Along the red of Adam's clay.

The captains and the kings depart,
And malt does more than Milton can
To justify God's ways to man.
Beloved, gaze in thine own heart !

I met at eve the Prince of Sleep,
And spied a bird upon a nest ;
(O East is East and West is West
And I have promises to keep.)

We have no time to stand and stare
When I shall lie with clover clad
And she beside another lad
With apple blossoms in her hair.

Sister of mine, pass, free from shame !
On dune and headland sinks the fire ;
You closhy put, you bloody liar,
Play up, play up, and play the game ! E. J.

SECOND PRIZE (2)

" Is there anybody there ? " said the Traveller[1]
Again and again and again.[2]
At five o'clock in the morning,[3]
Beneath the driving rain.[4]
Strawberries that in gardens grow[5]
Are plump and juicy fine,
But I don't care where the water goes[6]
If it does not get into the wine.
Why do you walk through the fields in gloves[7]
Within a walk of the sea ?[8]
There is no road through the woods ;[9]
We have no time to stand and stare,[10]
But it is good to feel you there,[11]
The day my love came home to me.[12]
She was wearing the coral taffeta trousers,[13]
And dancing pumps with pointed toes.[14]
What is the matter with Mary Jane ?[15]
Oh, no man knows.[16]

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There come now no kings nor Caesars[17]
Where Priam's ancient palace stood ;[18]
And the reindeer is a darkening of the brain[19]
Of those who sleep in that deep wood.[20]
Now Dick lies long in the churchyard,[21]
And Ned lies long in jail,
For the female of the species[22]
Is more deadly than the male ! J. R. B.

[1] *The Listeners*, De La Mare.
[2] *Rivers*, J. C. Squire.
[3] *The Hollow Men*, T. S. Eliot.
[4] *The Scarecrow*, De La Mare.
[5] *To E. M.*, Robert Graves.
[6] *The Flying Inn*, G. K. Chesterton.
[7] *To a Lady Seen from the Train*, Frances Cornford.
[8] *The South Country*, H. Belloc.
[9] *Rewards and Fairies*, R. Kipling.
[10] *Leisure*, W. H. Davies.
[11] *The Dream*, E. St. Vincent Millay.
[12] *In Misty Blue*, L. Binyon.
[13] *Full Moon*, V. Sackville-West.
[14] *Miss Thompson Goes Shopping*, M. Armstrong.
[15] *When We Were Very Young*, A. A. Milne.
[16] *All That's Past*, De La Mare.
[17] *The Seafarer*, Ezra Pound.
[18] *Fragments*, John Masefield.
[19] *Talking to Soldiers*, W. J. Turner
[20] *The Sleeping Beauty*, Edith Sitwell.
[21] *Shropshire Lad, LVIII*, A. E. Housman.
[22] *The Female of the Species*, R. Kipling.

CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 80.—THE PRESIDENT'S SALARY

"For the last nine years," said the Foreign Secretary of Utterland, "our President has received the same salary."

"That may seem odd to you," said the British Consul. "But it seems quite usual to me."

"No," said the Foreign Secretary, "It's very odd. You see, in the hope that the scheme would save us money we decided that the President's salary should be calculated according to a formula. The formula was this—or do I bore you ? "

"You interest me very much," said the Consul politely.

"We have two parties in the state," said the Foreign Secretary. "The Dressmen and the Nudies. We decided that each party should appoint annually a certain number of electors—according to their strength in the country. When the electors have been appointed, and the President elected, we multiply together the number of electors chosen by the majority party and the number of electors chosen by the minority party. Then we add to the product of these two numbers the square of the number of electors chosen by the majority party and finally we take away twice the square of the number of electors chosen by the minority party. The resulting difference is the number of thalers paid to the President."

The British Consul woke up with a jerk. "Fine," he said. "How many electors did you say there were ? "

"I didn't," said the Foreign Secretary. "But I'll tell you. There may be not fewer than fifty nor more than two hundred. And the number has increased every year."

What salary has the President been receiving ?

PROBLEM 78.—THE VILLAGE BAZAAR.

This problem has a "cook," as the chess people call it, i.e., alternative solutions. This is a flaw in a problem of this type ; I should have contented myself with asking how many children went to the Bazaar. The answer is *seven*.

The following selections of stalls and purchases are consistent with the data :

(1) 5*s*., 4*s*. and 1*s*. stalls. 554, 544, 551, 541, 441, 511, 411.
(2) 5*s*., 3*s*. and 2*s*. stalls. 553, 552, 533, 532, 522, 332, 322.

I will accept either solution as correct.

PROBLEM 77.—TEN CARD GAMBLE

A set of Low's cartoons goes to Miss A. Bolton, Aylmar, Sherborne, Dorset.

There were 83 correct and 38 incorrect solutions.

Eight points are awarded.

PRIZES FOR PROBLEM SOLVERS

A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

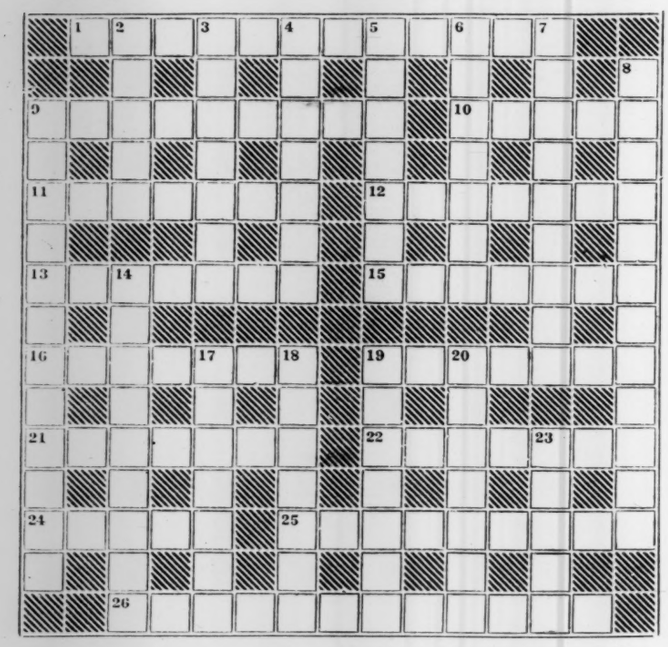
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points, a solver is entitled to a prize, consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10*s*. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope ; but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

CALIBAN

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 226

The sender of the first correct solution to be opened may choose as prize a copy of either *This England* or *The Playtime Omnibus*. Envelopes should be addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1, and must arrive not later than first post next Wednesday.



Set by L.-S.

The winner of last week's crossword is
Miss M. D. King, Berridge House, Fortune Green Rd., N.W.6.

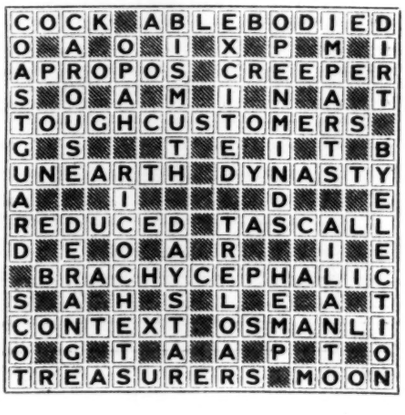
ACROSS

1. Fiendish description of the careless.
9. Cheap wisdom often coupled with the expensive lack of it in 9 down.
10. Vehicle of sustenance.
11. Not ours to get the chicken out of bed.
12. Welsh town for a peer.
13. German town often spoken of as if situated in the Celestial Empire.
15. This applies to the Dean.
16. Not a breath of it if you undergo 19 by train.
19. Pass this to Italy.
21. What many hands will do laboriously.
22. Dismiss, from more than parade.
24. Summons me out of cities that are backward.
25. Anti-social wild beast.
26. Sometimes broadcast in cake.

DOWN

2 (rev.). It's on the cards that you find bulls there.
3. "He rots the tree as ivy would."
4. The official doctor is absurdly young.
5. "Mine honour was not ——,
But conquer'd merely."
6. Nice R.A.s produce it.
7. 100 lament in a feeling way.
8. Describes competitors in a Marathon.
9. See 9 across.
14. You may be this without being a busybody.
17. Self with 26's head in a motor.
18. The Prince of Wales sometimes travels as this shire.
19. Sanatorium for sailors between Ushant and Finisterre ?
20. Mademoiselle without a dime.
23. Though old, this wartime story is no chestnut.

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD



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LEADING CONTENTS FOR JULY

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THE PSYCHOLOGY OF ETHICAL EMPIRICISM PROFESSOR A. C. FOX
CAUSALITY Y. H. KRIKORIAN
THE CATEGORICAL IMPERATIVE AND THE GOLDEN RULE E. W. HIRST, M.A., B.Sc.
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FOR SALE, TO LET AND WANTED

PERFECT COUNTRY HOUSE. £825 at Welwyn, 30 mins. King's Cross, really beautiful detached house, 2 living-rooms, 3 bedrooms, garage, large garden, 999 years' lease at £12. Delightful surroundings; all town advantages. Golf, tennis, swimming, good schools. Other houses £335–£2,300, or on rental £34–£120. Guide from N. S. HOWARD, Estate Office, Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

BLACKHEATH.—Period HOMES in the quiet seclusion of beautiful trees and lawns; well built in red brick and stone by eminent firm under Architect; extremely well placed for city men, 4 mins. station and 16 mins. Cannon Street, 18 mins. Charing Cross. Drawing and dining rooms (period bay windows and fireplaces), lounge, 4 bedrooms (built-in wardrobes in each), 2 bathrooms (tiled), cloakroom, storeroom and usual offices; central heating; parquet flooring; MODERN EQUIPMENT; "AGA" cooker; large old garden, with tennis lawn; from £1,995. Choice large old garden plots for buildings to requirements. VIEW ANY TIME.—THOMAS AND EDGE, Park Lodge, Blackheath Park, S.E.3.

FREEHOLD BARGAIN. House of character in green surroundings, overlooking private wooded park. On 2 floors only. Well proportioned rooms. Fitted basins, Ideal boiler. 18 mins. Charing Cross. 3 recep., 6 bedrms., and offices. £1,795 or offer. Priory Lodge, Love Lane, Eliot Vale, Blackheath.

WEST FOLKESTONE (Sandgate). Unique houses in Spanish style. Newly built. White walls, arches and gables. Black wrought ironwork. Stone mantelpieces and staircase. Oak floors. Facing sea and few yards beach. 80 mins. Charing Cross (Folkestone Cen.). Designed by architect. Sunny drawing and dining rooms, 4 beds, kitchen (c.h.w.), bathrooms, etc., e.l. From £1,050. Smaller picturesque cottages from £500. View any time, West Lawn, the Esplanade, Sandgate, Kent.

ATTRACTIVE small divan-bed-sitting-room, use kitchen, 14s. Later, double room, 25s. 22 Belsize Ave., N.W.3. Prim. 1043.

FOR SALE, TO LET, &c.—continued

LARGE unfurnished room, use kitchen, 16s. 50 Coolhurst Road, Crouch End, N.8.

BEACH Houses, Weybourne. Beautiful and unique holiday resort, quite on sea. Fishing, bathing, good accommodation, excellent cuisine. Applications D. L. HILDYARD, The Beach, Weybourne, Holt, Norfolk.

HOLLAND PARK: second floor unfurnished; 2 large rooms, kitchen, bath, c.h.w. Near Tube. £80. Box 536, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

LARGE, attractive bed-sitting-room, double or single; all modern conveniences; moderate terms inclusive breakfast, bath, light. 14 Kemplay Rd., N.W.3. Hampstead 2039.

WANTED, cottage in the Downs within five miles from the sea. Box 540, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

HOLIDAY PARTIES, Etc.

TWO people (not expert) would join party climbing in Switzerland or Tyrol, August. Box 539, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

ENGLISH graduate, sportsman, between 25-30, preferably with car, desired by young Viennese graduette, as partner for holiday trip to Austria or Dolomites. Expenses shared. Box 542, N.S. & N., 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

BACHELOR writer wants someone young and intelligent to share expenses Thames bungalow and motor boat for short holiday. Bath, books, beer, bathing. Half-hour London exactly. Box. 534, N.S. & N., 10 Gt. Turnstile, London, W.C.1.

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Our classified advertisements (in newspaper language "Smalls") are growing and for a very good reason. It is estimated that *each issue* of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION has not far short of a hundred thousand readers.

Yet it costs only 1s. 6d. per line, and considerably less for a series order, to advertise in these "Smalls" columns. A line averages seven words and one line should be added if a Box Number is required.

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One and Six a line

"Smalls" should reach this office first post Wednesday for insertion that week, addressed to Advertisement Manager,

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION
10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1
Holborn 3216

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

TO HATE OR LOVE OUR DEBTORS?—LEAGUE LOANS COMMITTEE —THE INCREASE IN IMPORTS—AMALGAMATED METAL AND AUSTRALIAN LOANS

By TOREADOR

REFERENCE is often made to the "revolt of debtors," but I gather that the British Treasury hopes to lead a revolt of creditors—now that it is successful in its fight with Dr. Schacht. If a debtor will not pay there is, of course, one sure way in which a creditor can obtain a final settlement with him. That is, to shoot him. The German experts will be agreed upon that point. But if shooting is considered too mediaeval, the next obvious thing is to set up a clearing house and seize his balances. That is the new Treasury way. Failing that the only course is to nurse the debtor back to economic health and fill him with good financial food (i.e., loans). The League Loans Committee, of which Sir Austen Chamberlain is chairman, has preferred the loving treatment of debtors. Quietly and politely this Committee has been acting the part of nursemaid. It has established good relations with the debtor Governments and endeavoured to promote co-operation between creditors and debtors. It has not sought to obtain from the debtor countries more than they could pay, but has generally arrived at a series of short-term arrangements which "successfully prevented further deterioration." It believes that definitive settlements of the debt service of defaulting countries would be premature at this stage and for the sake of preserving the financial conventions it is strongly of the opinion that if a country cannot transfer its full debt service it should provide the whole equivalent in its budget in local currency, even if it proceeds immediately to re-borrow the untransferred portion for Treasury purposes. This seems to be a very altruistic way of treating debtors, but the League Loans Committee maintains that the policy has paid. The proportion of League Loans whose service has been met has now risen to something approaching 50 per cent. Bulgaria, Hungary and Greece have all increased the amount of their transfer. Hungary, which last year transferred (in effect) 25 per cent. of its coupons, is this year transferring 50 per cent. Bulgaria is increasing her transfer from 25 per cent. to 32½ per cent. (with some arrears in addition) and Greece from 27½ per cent. to 35 per cent. (with some delay). These pleasant relations between debtor and creditor may now be upset by the British Government's threat of direct action for the collection of the coupons on the Dawes and Young loans. For a country which has refused to maintain the service of its American war debt but hopes to maintain the income from its own overseas investments, the threat of economic war in the interests of bondholders (however just their claims may be) is surely a dangerous weapon to employ. It is an incitement to repudiation. As a great creditor power we should do nothing to encourage Governments to repudiate their external debts. We should rather follow Sir Austen's example and love our debtors. Even the Greeks.

THE LEAGUE LOANS (EXCLUDING AUSTRIAN 6% GUARANTEED)

	Present Price.	Potential Flat Yield. %	Per cent. of Coupon to be paid.
Danzig (Free City) 6½%, 1927 ..	83½	7.8	100
Esthonia 7%, 1927	77½	9.05	100
Greece 7% Refugee, 1924 ..	42½	5.76	35 (?)
Hungary 7½%, 1924	45	8.35	50
Bulgaria 7% Settlement, 1926 ..	24½	9.40	32½

* * *

The increase of £29.4 millions in our net imports in the first five months of the year has been disturbing certain Members of Parliament. Their question is: Can we find room in our balance of payments for these increased imports without damage to our position as a world centre of finance and depository of non-British funds, and, if not, does this consideration set a near limit upon internal business recovery? The Board of Trade estimated that our income from overseas investments fell between 1929 and 1932 from £250 millions to £145 millions and recovered to £155 millions in 1933. The Midland Bank in its monthly review considers that the 1933 estimate of £155 millions is too low, and looks for a much greater improvement this year. It answers the query about our increased imports in the following paragraph:

> The rise in prices of several primary commodities, while it tends to increase the excess value of our merchandise imports over exports, tends at the same time to increase our income from overseas investments, and to increase it sharply, since many shares in companies operating overseas are transferred from the non-dividend paying class to the class which yields a substantial rate. In a very real sense, the tin, for example, which is dug from the mines of Malaya is ours; and although when the price of it rises we are debited more heavily for it in our trade returns, we receive the benefit of the greater profit on its re-sale after importation. This applies, moreover, to a great part of the other non-ferrous metals, the rubber and the tea that we import. Even more striking in point of amount, it applies to the gold which is produced in South Africa and other parts of the Empire and sold, as a commodity with a fluctuating price, in the open market. The rise in the value of gold has yielded many more millions of profit to the gold-mining companies which are largely British owned.

Actually the balance of payments in favour of the British Empire as a whole is in the neighbourhood of £80 millions a year.

* * *

This comment of the Midland Bank suggests that the shares of the Amalgamated Metal Company are not unattractive at 18*s.* 9*d.* to yield 4.21 per cent. on the 4 per cent. dividend paid in 1933. The Company owns the British Metal Corporation and Henry Gardner which deal in non-ferrous metals and rubber and act as agents for the Burma Corporation, International Nickel, Rio Tinto, Zinc Corporation and other Empire metal producers. Its turnover in non-ferrous metals is actually larger than the total consumption of them by the British Empire. The 1934 report is almost bound to be an improvement on that of 1933 and a dividend of 5 per cent. is expected. Some special liquidation has recently depressed the shares.

* * *

On September 16th, 1933, a paragraph in these columns ended thus: "Now that Australia is reaching the peak of its financial recovery, surely this is an excellent time for investors to sell Australian loans and seek other fields for investment. Australian earning capacity still largely depends on the rainfall." The advice might well be repeated. Outwardly everything Australian is *couleur de rose*. The surplus of exports for the year ending June, 1934, is estimated at over £40 millions (sterling) and as the external debt requirements are now below £30 millions (sterling) a year, the Commonwealth Government should be building up a much-to-be-desired reserve in London. The rise in the price of wool, the boom in gold mining, the development of the Japanese market, a depreciated exchange, a fall in interest rates, a well-planned deflation of costs, tempered by a little monetary inflation, have all contributed to the remarkable recovery which Australia has enjoyed. But for the long-term investor the "snags" remain. The prosperity is not evenly distributed either as between industries or as between States. Farm debts and farm prices have not been completely adjusted, and the price of raw wool has fallen this year by about 15 per cent. In view of the collapse in the German market the Bradford merchants expect wool prices at the next auctions to fall much farther. Wool is, of course, the most important factor in the Australian economy. For the year ending June, 1934, the value of wool exports was about £55 millions as compared with £38 millions in the previous twelve months. Exports generally for the 1934/35 season are not expected to be quite so favourable as in 1933/34, for weather conditions have been unsatisfactory except in West Australia and Queensland. Finally there are the Federal elections in the autumn. An Australian friend assures me that a small majority for Labour would be the best thing for Australia, for it would mean constructive legislation without extremism. But the London Stock Exchange has other political views. Markets change rapidly, as the following prices suggest:

	Date.	Price.	Yield %. Flat.	To Redn.
Commonwealth 5%, 1945/75	July, 1931	58	8.6	8.75
,, 3½%, 1948/53	July, 1934	100¼	3.73	3.73

* * *

It was strange to find next to the paragraph on Australian Government loans in the issue of September 16th, 1933, the following comment on German loans: "If the export surplus continues to shrink, as it appears likely to do, there will have to be a complete transfer moratorium except on the Dawes and Young loans which were assigned priority over all other payments by solemn international agreements. If there is to be a default on these it will be by some new trickery of Dr. Schacht." Because the bellicosity of the British Treasury has triumphed over German trickery, I would not consider the Dawes and Young loans as any safer long-term investments. An economic collapse in Germany is coming which no political murders can avert.

COMPANY MEETING.

HOVIS, LIMITED.

ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL YEAR.

The 36th ordinary general meeting of Hovis, Ltd., was held on Wednesday in London.

Mr. A. H. Dence (the Chairman), first dealt with the balance-sheet, and said that the reserve fund, with the allocation now suggested, would amount to £400,000. The net profit on trading available for distribution was £20,000 more than for the previous year.

Trading conditions in the milling industry had not been too easy during the past twelve months. In past speeches he had frequently referred to the unfair competition to which all millers in this country were subjected through the importation of dumped and subsidised flour at prices with which the home miller could not possibly compete. The National Association of Millers, of which he was President for the past year, had persisted in a patient campaign against this injustice, but hitherto without success. These efforts would continue in the hope that the authorities would eventually give some measure of protection against this class of trade. During the past twelve months the International Wheat Conference had been endeavouring to reach some form of agreement whereby either the production of wheat would be restricted, or the price fixed at levels to give a more adequate return to the grower. Millers were naturally very materially concerned with the price they had to pay for wheat, which was the raw material of their industry, and viewed with grave alarm any attempt to impose artificial limits or barriers, which could only react to the disadvantage of the consumer in this country, and perhaps in the long run make the last state of the producer worse than the first. If they had to pay 20s. per quarter more for their wheat, this would mean at least a further £26,000,000 a year to be paid out of this country.

It was exceedingly pleasing to him to recall that since he had been Chairman of the Company this was the third occasion on which the Board had been able to recommend with the utmost confidence a bonus distribution of shares to the Ordinary shareholders. This was a very remarkable achievement, and one which very few public companies to-day could claim to have equalled, and it was an achievement for which the Directors and Management felt they were entitled to claim full credit. The Chairman then explained the proposal to issue to the Trustees of the Staff Pension Fund 10,000 Ordinary Shares at par and the benefits that would thereby accrue.

The report and accounts were unanimously adopted, and a dividend at the rate of 15 per cent. per annum was declared on the Ordinary shares, as well as a bonus of 5 per cent. A resolution was also passed approving the capitalisation of reserves and bonus distribution.

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